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Shakespeare's
As You Like It

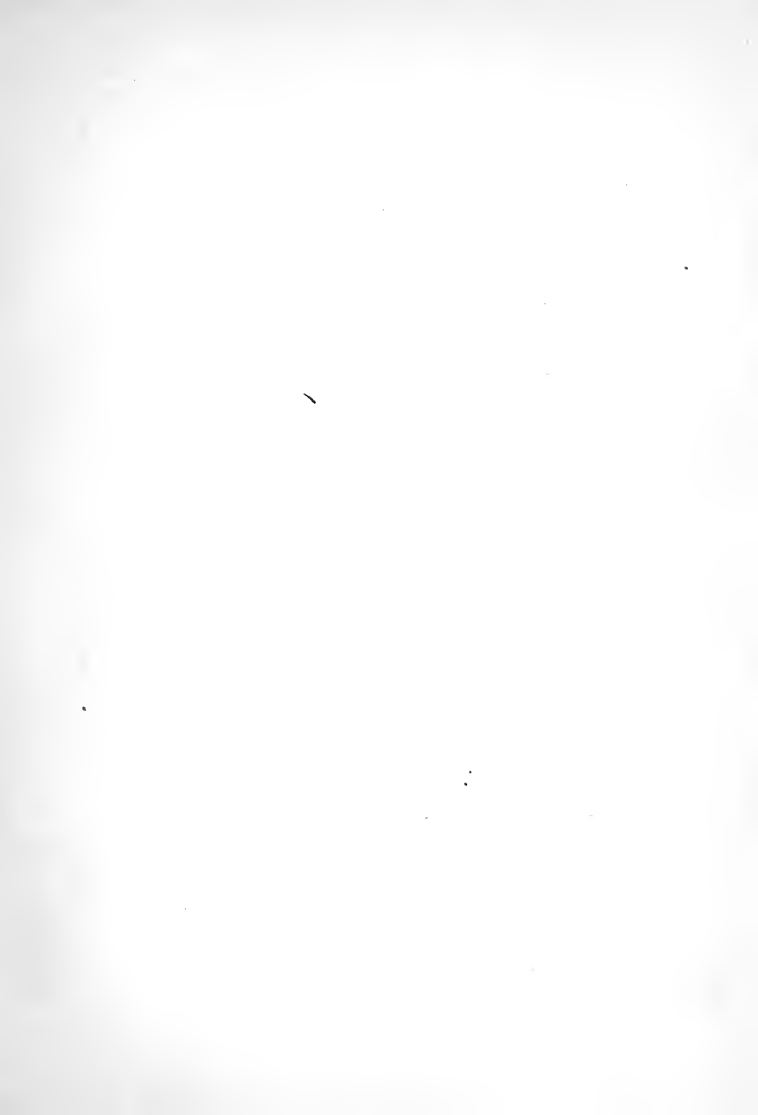
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✓
The Students' Series of English Classics.

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SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY

OF

AS YOU LIKE IT

EDITED

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

KATHARINE LEE BATES

WELLESLEY COLLEGE

"Music and poesy use to quicken you."

TAMING OF THE SHREW, I, i, 36.



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PREFACE.

THIS school edition of *As You Like It* has been preceded, in The Students' Series of English Classics, by like editions of *The Merchant of Venice* and *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. In the Introduction to *The Merchant of Venice* may be found a brief sketch to Shakespeare's life, and of the antecedent growth of the English drama, with references, and a condensed account, with references, of Elizabethan copyright and the history of Shakesperian criticism. The Introduction to *As You Like It* is confined to the play in question.

The notes, as before, are placed in three groups,—textual, for the use of more advanced classes, that are interested in seeing how far the play they read is the play originally printed; grammatical, for the use of students who would familiarize themselves with Elizabethan idiom; and literary; this third group of notes being, in the judgment of the editor, more fruitful and appropriate, especially for beginners, than the two technical divisions. In classes where textual and grammati-

cal work is done, it is believed better to separate these special lines of investigation from the essential study of the play.

It must be confessed that annotation and comment of any sort whatever, in case of the sweetest wildwood fantasy that poet ever penned, sometimes strike the mind as more incongruous than the melancholy Jaques in Arden. Yet even Jaques, though saucy youth may take him for "either a fool or a cipher," has his function, if but to "moralize this spectacle."

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE,
September, 1896.

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INTRODUCTION.

I. HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

WE have no reason to suppose that Shakespeare ever read *As You Like It* in print. Our earliest known text is that of the First Folio, the famous Folio of 1623, a collection of Shakespeare's published and unpublished dramas, issued seven years after his death by his loyal comrades and fellow-players, "old stuttering" Heminge and the popular comedian Condell; glad so to have "done an office to the dead, . . . without ambition either of self-profit or fame; only to keep the memory of so worthy a Friend and Fellow alive as was our Shakespeare." It is worth noting here that to these men, after a lapse of nearly three hundred years, the compunction of Shakespeare lovers has at last, this summer of 1896, erected a memorial monument. It stands in the churchyard of St. Mary the Virgin, Aldermanbury, London, and bears the inscription: "To the memory of John Heminge and Henry Condell, fellow-actors and personal friends of Shakespeare. They lived many years in this parish, and are buried here. To their disinterested affection the world owes all that it calls Shakespeare. They alone collected his dramatic writings regardless of pecuniary loss, and without the hope of any

profit gave them to the world. They thus merited the gratitude of mankind."

An effort was made, apparently about 1600, to print this comedy as one of the cheap playbooks, usually pirated editions, known to Shakespeare students as the quartos. Against these "stolne and surreptitious copies," whose hasty and careless publication not only deformed the text, but tended to sate public curiosity regarding new plays, and so slacken the flow of pennies into the box-office, the theatrical companies of the day, especially that to which Shakespeare belonged, and which consequently suffered most, loudly protested. Among the more unscrupulous stationers, or publishers, was one James Roberts, who, in the year 1600, brought out quartos of *The Merchant of Venice* and *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. Dr. Furness surmises (see *Variorum*, article on *Text*) that it was some connection of Roberts with the attempt on *As You Like It*, which led to the order "to be staied." These words are written in the Stationers' Registers against the name of this play, with three others, *Henry V.*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, and Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*, grouped together under the mere date Aug. 4, between entries of May, 1600, and June, 1603. *Henry V.* was duly licensed Aug. 14, 1600, and printed in what is apparently a garbled and curtailed form. *Much Ado About Nothing* waited for sanction only until Aug. 23; and *Every Man in His Humour* was published the following year. But in the case of *As You Like It*, the "staying," from whatever cause it proceeded, apparently remained in force. For nearly a quarter of a century the precious play was tossed about in manuscript, taking its chances of being "by shifting and change of companies . . . negligently lost." As finally printed in the First Folio, however,

the text is singularly free from corruption. Later editors have had little to do except insert or amplify stage directions, correct a few more or less obvious misprints, revise the Elizabethan punctuation, mend here and there a halting line, piece out one or two broken passages (notably II., vii., 55), and fret themselves fruitlessly over *duc dame*. There are, moreover, some three or four slight errors in the play, probably chargeable to haste or Arden carelessness on Shakespeare's part. Had he forgotten the name of the "Second Brother" when he dubbed the cynic of the forest *Jaques*? And again (I., ii., 79) does he confuse the names of the two dukes, or was the compositor at fault in printing *Ros.* for *Cel.*? *Juno's Swans* for *Venus's Swans* (I., iii., 75) is a venial slip in a poet who made no pretensions to pedantry; but that Shakespeare should lose sight of his two princesses, and even for a moment think Celia the *taller* (I., ii., 267), is so incredible that many editors would again throw the blame on the printer, and read *lesser* or *smaller*.

The later folios substantially reprinted the play from the first text; although the Second Folio ventured upon a few slight alterations,—in two or three instances for the better, in as many more for the worse.

The exact date at which this comedy was written cannot be ascertained. As a later limit, there is the mention of *As you like yt | a booke* in the Stationers' Registers, Aug. 4, 1600. As an earlier limit of a negative sort, we have the famous list of six Shakespearian comedies and six Shakespearian tragedies given by Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (Treasury of Wit), entered in the Stationers' Registers Sept. 7, 1598. *As You Like It* does not appear in this list, probably because it was not then in existence, possibly because it was still so new

a play that Meres had not chanced to see it. In partial confirmation of this partial evidence that the play was written later than the summer of 1598, we have a welcome allusion (III., v., 80-81) to Marlowe:—

“Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might.
Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?”

The “saw” is quoted from Marlowe’s rich and passionate poem, *Hero and Leander*, published in the spring or early summer of 1598, five years after the author’s death. It is more than likely that Shakespeare had known his rival’s work in manuscript; but the playhouse audience, apparently expected to recognize and respond to the allusion, probably had the printed poem in mind as a fresh enjoyment.

In general, we may be sure that this play, the crown of Shakespeare’s golden achievement in romantic comedy, was written in his buoyant prime of manhood, while as yet the sunshine of his spirit was all but cloudless. The era of dramatic hesitation and experiment lay behind him. His mastery of historical drama, as of romantic comedy, was secured. The great, dark task of tragedy, destined to open out into ideal visions of peace and pardon, waited him beyond. It was “in happy hour” that Shakespeare turned

“his merry note
Unto the sweet bird’s throat”

of the forest of Arden.

Of the delight elicited by the play in Shakespeare’s own time, of the volleys of applause that must have answered Rosalind’s farewell “curtsy,” no echo has come down. There is a tradition, however, that the poet himself took the part of

Adam. This is quoted by Steevens, one of the eighteenth-century editors, as found in "the manuscript papers of the late Mr. Oldys." Oldys was an antiquary, who had a novel method of storing away slips of paper, scribbled over with his notes, in parchment bags which he kept hanging from the walls of his room. A rummage among these brought forth the following story, clearly not altogether accurate, but probably right enough in the central circumstance:—

"One of Shakespeare's younger brothers, who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of *King Charles II.*, would in his younger days come to London to visit his brother *Will*, as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramattick entertainments grew the greatest support of our principal, if not of all our theatres, he continued it seems so long after his brother's death as even to the latter end of his own life. The curiosity at this time of the most noted actors to learn something from him of his brother, &c., they justly held him in the highest veneration. And it may be well believed, as there was besides a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor among them, this opportunity made them greedily inquisitive into every little circumstance, more especially in his dramattick character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years, and possibly his memory so weakened with infirmities (which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects), that he could give them but little light into their inquiries; and all that could be recollected from him of his brother *Will* in that station was, the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own

comedies, wherein, being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song."

There seems to have been no revival of *As You Like It* after the closing of the theatres by Puritan influence in 1642 until the production at Drury Lane in 1723 of a preposterous jumble entitled *Love in a Forest*. This was the work of one Charles Johnson, a flagrant plagiarist, who, after turning out by his peculiar process some nineteen stage-pieces, judiciously married a fortune, and set up a tavern. In his prologue he speaks kindly of Shakespeare as "irregularly great," and explains that his own attempt is to "refine" the rude old poet's "ore:"—

"Now — *As You Like it*, judge the following Play,
And when you view this Work retriev'd to Day;
Forgive our modern Author's Honest Zeal,
He hath attempted boldly, if not well:
Believe, he only does with Pain, and Care,
Presume to weed the beautiful Parterre.
His whole Ambition does, at most, aspire
To tune the sacred Bard's immortal Lyre;
The Scene from Time and Error to restore,
And give the Stage, from Shakespear one Play more."

Here we have grafted on the maimed plot of *As You Like It* speeches from *Richard II.*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *Twelfth Night*, with touches of repartee from *Much Ado About Nothing*, capped in the fifth act by the Pyramus and Thisbe burlesque from *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. These fragments are

clumsily cemented with balderdash of Johnson's own. We miss from the play Touchstone, Audrey, William, Silvius, Phebe, and Corin. At the outset, Charles, the "Master of the Duke's Academy," impeaches Orlando of treason. They exchange in the lists the ringing defiances of Bolingbroke and Norfolk. The forest scenes are largely devoted to love-making between Jaques and Celia, for whose first meeting the dialogue of Touchstone and Audrey is furbished up. Their loving is hardly of the convincing sort. Celia herself says: "Jaques' Love looks a little awkward; it does not sit so easy on him. . . . I think he has got an Inch or two into my Heart." There is one peculiarly exasperating dialogue between Jaques and Rosalind, where Jaques's part is made up mainly of bits ruthlessly slashed out from Biron's fine speech at the close of the third act in *Love's Labour's Lost*. In the outcome, Oliver, to prevent arrest for his discovered villainies, commits suicide, his lands falling to Orlando. Hymen makes fast Orlando and Rosalind, Jaques and Celia, and "Robert du Bois" closes the play with the news of the usurping duke's conversion.

This thing "of shreds and patches" had a run of six nights, and was followed in 1739 by *The Modern Receipt; or, A Cure for Love*, by "J. C." Of his performance this gentleman blandly says: "I have taken the Liberty to make some Alterations in the Plot, and Catastrophe, as well as in Great Part of the Language: the Character of Hillario is entirely new, as is that of Marcellus in a great measure."

In point of fact, Hillario, "a merry courtier, attending on the Princesses," is a compound of Touchstone and Le Beau, speaking the words 'now of one and now of the other; while Marcellus is Jaques transformed into the conventional woman-

hater of stage and novel. Ben Jonson has a similar character put through a somewhat similar discipline ; for Celia takes it upon herself to tame this bear of the woods. Marcellus is introduced plagiarizing Milton :—

“Hail pleasing Horrors of the silent Shade! Hail friendly Solitude! . . . How happy must our first Parent Adam have been in his blest Solitude! how agreeable his Life! till Woman” — and then comes the flood of invective.

Hillario's first impression of this “old gentleman”—as Audrey, we remember, dubbed Jaques—is not a flattering one.

“What that hagged ill-looking Fellow in Black? Why he looks like one of the Sons of Noah, in deep mourning for his Great-grandfather. He must be an Antediluvian that's certain ; for I'm sure such people as he have not been in Fashion o' this Side the Flood.”

Rosalind's teasing of Orlando about the marks of a lover now becomes Orlando's teasing of Jaques ; for Celia plies him with somewhat open blandishments until she has beaten down his prejudice, and elicited a passionate avowal of love, when she forthwith laughs him to scorn. By the roguish offices of Touchstone-Le-Beau, a reconciliation is finally effected. The pastoral element in Arden is represented by a single shepherd, who performs Corin's function in the play, but is not Corin ; for he expressly announces that the farm he sells “was old Corin's, but he's gone, poor Soul! he died, let me see, it's a Month ago, I think, come Wednesday.”

There is an eighteenth-century veneer over the language of the comedy, with the fashionable cynicism of the times. Jaques, *alias* Marcellus, explains the second title as he leads Celia before the altar :—

“By frequent Instances we sadly prove,
That Marriage is the surest Cure for Love.”

Even George Sand, in her celebrated French adaptation, *Comme il vous plaira* (1856), insists on marrying Celia to Jaques, who is rather more prominent in the play than the gallant Orlando himself. Earlier than the wrestling-match, Jaques presents himself before the princesses as a messenger who brings to Rosalind greetings from her outlawed father. The tyrant duke detects her giving to Jaques a letter for the royal exile, and orders her into banishment forthwith. The maidens escape to Arden under the double escort of Jaques and Touchstone. The exiled duke and his daughter are promptly reunited; Celia is hidden away, for safety, in a convenient castle belonging to Jaques, already her ardent lover; a search party, led by Charles the Wrestler, comes and goes; there is a duel between Orlando and Jaques, the latter jealously suspecting that Orlando's love-verses are intended for Celia; Oliver appears to charge Adam and Orlando with robbing him of the money claimed by the old servant as his hoarded wages, but is himself proved guilty of the plot against Orlando's life. The duke would have the unnatural brother straightway hurled to his death from a high rock, but Orlando's generous pleadings bring about a pardon. Rosalind's hand rewards her lover's virtues. Audrey, at the eleventh hour, turns again from Touchstone to William, and Celia woos and wins the melancholy Jaques, who is thus effectively converted to optimism.

In the German adaptations, of which there were seven between 1848 and 1870, there is no such shifting of the romantic centre, no such failure to grasp the harmony of the design, but the forest scenes are generally much compressed.

In 1740 *As You Like It* was restored to the English stage, henceforth a permanent possession. The lack of opportunity for a star actor has made it less a favorite with theatrical managers than *Much Ado About Nothing*, where Beatrice, witty as she is, does not overshadow Benedict as Rosalind does Orlando; or *Twelfth Night*, where Malvolio gives "the leading gentleman" a chance; but the public always has a welcome for this brightest idyl of the stage. Few actors have won conspicuous laurels in the masculine rôles of *As You Like It*. The comely young Charles Kemble made a picturesque Orlando. Quin and Young, both noted for elocution, gained applause in the long speeches of Jaques, as did Sheridan, of whom Dr. Johnson had said: "Sir, it must be allowed that Sheridan excels in plain declamation, though he can exhibit no character." Macklin's Touchstone was criticised as wanting in volubility; but King roused the enthusiasm of Hazlitt as the ideal jester, "with wit sprouting from his head like a pair of ass's ears, and folly perched on his cap like the horned owl."

It is the impersonation of Rosalind that has built up theatrical fames. This is remembered as the last rôle of the beautiful Margaret Woffington, "lovely Peggy," who broke down in the epilogue with the cry, "O God! O God!" and staggered off the stage, never to reappear. Ellen Tree, afterwards Mrs. Charles Kean, made in her youth a delightful Rosalind, noted for the blithesome laugh that led the audience to laugh in unison. Adelaide Neilson rendered with exquisite effect Rosalind's sparkling and delicate playfulness. Mary Anderson was especially good in her banter of Phebe; while Mme. Modjeska emphasizes Rosalind's high courage. In the latter part of the eighteenth century, Mrs. Siddons and Mrs.

Jordan divided the plaudits of London. Mrs. Siddons, "the stateliest ornament of the public mind," acted the part with royal dignity, with womanly tenderness and depth of feeling, with an underlying sadness appropriate to such broken and uncertain fortunes. But even her admiring biographer, Campbell, protests against the "Siddonian majesty" as here displayed. He holds that her Rosalind was not merry and arch enough, lacking "the gay and feathery lightness" necessary to the play.

"In *As You Like It*," he says, "Rosalind is the soul of the piece; aided only by the Clown (and O that half the so-called wise were as clever as Shakespeare's clowns!), she has to redeem the wildness of a forest, and the dulness of rustic life. Her wit and beauty have 'to throw a sunshine in the shady place.'"

Campbell, however carelessly he quotes his Spenser, was probably right about Mrs. Siddons as Rosalind. Her rival, Mrs. Jordan, — that "Miss Tomboy" who, according to Sir Joshua Reynolds, "ran up the stage as a playground, and laughed for sincere wildness of delight," — was a more natural interpreter of the madcap of Arden. Boaden called her performance "heart in action;" and the pen of Hazlitt danced in writing her praises, — "the child of nature, whose voice was a cordial to the heart, because it came from it, rich, full, like the luscious juice of the ripe grape; to hear whose laugh was to drink nectar . . . who 'talked far above singing,' and whose singing was like the twang of Cupid's bow."

But even Mrs. Jordan's ecstasy of frolic has been eclipsed by the beauty of Helen Faucit's

"high-hearted Rosalind,
Kindling with sunshine all the dusk green wood,"

Shakespeare's "heavenly Rosalind," piquant, poetic, enraptured with the secret of her love.

The very qualities which make *As You Like It* less a magnet on the stage than certain other Shakespearian comedies adapt it to public reading, in which Mrs. Kemble scored a success, and to amateur presentation, especially open-air performances with charm of sylvan scenery. Good to read in the class-room, better by the evening lamp, it is best out-of-doors.—

"Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook,"

where it may be trusted to lull the most troubled spirit to
"a green thought in a green shade."

II. SOURCES.

As You Like It is apparently the dramatization of an Elizabethan "novel" or brief romance. The gay court ladies who were entertained by Lyly's *Euphues*, with its sermonizing paragraphs and fantastic figures of speech, and by Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, meandering with a silvery sound through interminable meadows thickset with lambs and lovers, doubtless had a welcome for Lodge's *Rosalynde*. The disinherited son of a Lord Mayor of London, an Oxford bachelor of arts and a law-student at Lincoln's Inn, a hot defender of the stage against the stiff young Puritan Gosson, an indifferent playwright himself, but, at his best, a lyrist exquisitely fresh and free of note, Lodge, hard upon thirty, "falling from books to arms," made a voyage to the Canaries. But the Canary wine that he brought home for his boon companions to tipple "with contented smack" was the vintage of long sunshiny hours on deck, stored up in a quaint pastoral that strikes the modern

palate as insipid. The author, however, thought it racy even to wildness: "Roome for a souldier and a sailer, that gives you the fruits of his labors that he wrote in the Ocean, when everie line was wet with a surge, and every humorous passion countercheckt with a storme." Perusal is a perilous adventure, for any reader who is not pleased must abide the wrath of this slashing young corsair. "Ile donne into the hold, and fetch out a rustie pollax, that sawe no sunne this seaven yeare, and either wel bebast him, or heave the cockescombe over boord to feed cods."

Lodge took his story in part from the old *Tale of Gamelyn*, a versified narrative, which tells of the knight, Sir Johan of Boundys, his three sons, the oppression of the youngest, Gamelyn, by the eldest, the wrestling, and Gamelyn's flight for life to the forest, attended by the aged servant "Adam the Spencer," who soon wished himself safe home again in his stewardship, counting it better

"keys for to bear

Than to walk in this wildwood my clothes for to tear."

If this rude ballad ever came to Shakespeare's notice, we may infer that he liked it "full ylle," for the play bears no traces of its immediate influence. But Lodge built upon the ballad, and Shakespeare built either upon Lodge's romance or some lost play embodying it. In the absence of any proof or hint that such play ever existed, it is reasonable to treat *As You Like It* as Shakespeare's dramatic translation of *Rosalynde*. The entire text of the novel may be found in Waldron's reprint, 1802; in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, 1843, and Hazlitt's, 1875; in Cassell's *National Library*, 1886, and in Halliwell's folio edition of Shakespeare's works, vol. vi.

Here the story is given in Lodge's own old-fashioned speech and spelling, without condensation, but with large and frequent omissions in the portions that do not bear directly on the plot or language of the play.

ROSALYNDE.

There dwelled adjoyning to the Citie of Bordeaux a . . . hardy Knight . . . enricht with vertue and honour, surnamed Sir John of Bourdeux. . . . Many yeares were pourtrayed in his wrinkled lineaments, that all men might perceive that his glasse was runne. . . . Sir John . . . having three sonnes . . . resolved to leave them a memorial of all his fatherly care, in setting downe a methode of their brotherly dueties. Having therefore death in his lookes . . . and teares in his eyes . . . he began thus.

"Oh my Sons, . . . I must to my grave that dischargeth all cares, and leave you to the world that increaseth many sorrowes. . . . Unto thee Saladyne the eldest . . . I give foureteen ploughlands, with all my Mannor houses and richest plate. Next unto Fernandine I bequeath twelve ploughlands. But unto Rosader the youngest I give my Horse, my Armour, and my Launce with sixteene ploughlands; for if the inwarde thoughts be discovered by outward shadows, Rosader wil exceed you all in bountie and honour. . . . Let mine honour be the glasse of your actions, and the fame of my vertues the Loadstarre to direct the course of your pilgrimage. . . . Thinke that you are not borne for your selves, but to leuell your thoughts to be loyal to your prince, careful for the common-weale, and faythful to your friendes. . . . But above al beware of Love. . . . Cupids wings are plumed with the feathers of vanitie. . . . Keepe my precepts, and let them bee lodged in the secrete of your hearts." . . .

John of Bordeaux . . . was greatly lamented of his sons. . . . Saladyne . . . clad himselfe and his brothers all in black . . . but . . . under this shewe of grief shaddowed a heart ful of contented thoughts. . . . After a months mourning was past, he fel to consideration of his fathers testament; how hee had bequeathed more to his younger brothers than himselfe, that Rosader was his fathers darling, but now under his tuition, that as yet they were not come to yeares, and he being their gardian, might (if not defraud them of their

due) yet make such havocke of theyr legacies and lands, as they should be a great deal the lighter: whereupon he began thus to meditate with himselfe. . . .

"Thy brother is yong, keepe him now in awe; make him not checke mate with thy selfe, for, — '*Nimia familiaritas contemptum parit.*' Let him know little, so shall he not be able to execute much, suppress his wittes with a base estate, and though hee be a Gentleman by nature, yet forme him anew, and make him a peasant by nourture. So shalt thou keepe him as a slave, and raigne thy selfe sole Lord over all thy fathers possessions. As for Fernandyne, thy middle brother, he is a scholler and hath no minde but on Aristotle: let him reade on Galen while thou riflest with golde, and pore on his booke til thou doest purchase landes: witte is great wealth; if he have learning it is enough, and so let all rest."

In this humour was Saladyne, making his brother Rosader his foote boy, for the space of two or three yeares, keeping him in such servile subjection, as if he had been the sonne of any country vassal. The young gentleman bare all with patience, til on a day walkyng in the Garden by himselfe, he began to consider how he was the sonne of John of Bourdeaux, a knight renowned for many victories, and a gentleman famozed for his vertues; how contrarie to the testament of his father, hee was not only kept from his land and intreated as a servant, but smothered in such secret slaverie, as hee might not attaine to any honourable actions. "Alas," quoth hee to himselfe (nature working these effectuall passions) "why should I that am a Gentleman borne, passe my time in such unnatural drudgery? were it not better either in Paris to become a scholler, or in the court a courtier, or in the field a souldier, then to live a foote boy to my own brother? nature hath lent me wit to conceive, but my brother denied mee art to contemplate: I have strength to performe any honorable exployt, but no libertie to accomplish my vertuous indevours: those good partes that God hath bestowed upon mee, the envy of my brother doth smother in obscuritie; the harder is my fortune, and the more his frowardnes." With that, casting up his hand he felt haire on his face, and perceiving his beard to bud, for choler hee began to blush, and swore to himselfe he would be no more subject to such slaverie. As thus he was ruminating of his melancholie passions in came Saladyne with his men, and seeing his brother in a browne

study, and to forget his wonted reverence, thought to shake him out of his dumps thus. "Sirha," quoth he, "what, is your heart on your halfepeny, or are you saying a Dirge for your fathers soule? what, is my dinner readie?" At this question Rosader, turning his head ascance, and bending his browes as if anger there had ploughed the furrowes of her wrath, with his eyes full of fire, hee made this replie. "Doest thou aske mee, Saladyne, for thy Cates? aske some of thy churles who are fit for suche an office: I am thine equal by nature, though not by birth, and though thou hast more cardes in thy bunch, I have as many trumpes in my handes as thy selfe. Let me question with thee, why thou hast feld my woods, spoyled my Manner houses, and made havocke of suche utensalles as my father bequeathed unto mee? I tell thee, Saladyne, either answere mee as a brother, or I wil trouble thee as an enemye."

At this replie of Rosaders, Saladyne smiled as laughing at his presumption and frowned as checking his folly: he therfore tooke him up thus shortly: "What, sirha, wel I see early pricks the tree that wil proove a thorne: hath my familiar conversing with you made you coy, or my good lookes drawne you to be thus contemptuous? I can quickly remedie such a fault, and I wil bend the tree while it is a wand. In faith, sir boy, I have a snaffle for such a headstrong colt. You, sirs, lay holde on him and binde him, and then I wil give him a cooling carde for his choller." This made Rosader halfe mad, that stepping to a great rake that stood in the garden, hee laide such loades uppon his brothers men that hee hurt some of them, and made the rest of them run away. Saladyne seeing Rosader so resolute, and with his resolution so valiant, thought his heeles his best safetie, and tooke him to a loaft adjoyning to the garden, whether Rosader pursued him hotly. Saladyne, afraide of his brothers furie, cried out to him thus: "Rosader, be not so rash: I am thy brother and thine elder, and if I have done thee wrong ile make thee amendes." . . .

These wordes appeased the choller of Rosader, for he was of a milde and curteous nature, so that hee layde downe his weapons, and uppon the faith of a Gentleman, assured his brother hee would offer him no prejudice: whereupon Saladyne came down, and after a little parley, they imbraced eache other and became friends, and Saladyne promising Rosader the restitution of all his lands, "and what favour els," quoth he, "any waies my abilitie or the nature of

a brother may performe." Upon these sugred reconciliations they went into the house arme in arme together, to the great content of all the old servants of Sir John of Bourdeaux.

Thus continued the pad hidden in the strawe, til it chaunced that Torismond, King of France, had appointed for his pleasure a day of Wrastling and of Tournament to busie his commons heades, least, being idle, their thoughts should ruine uppon more serious matters, and call to remembrance their old banished King. A Champion there was to stand against all commers, a Norman, a man of tall stature and of great strength; so valiant, that in many such conflicts he alwaies bare away the victorie, not onely overthrowing them which hee incountred, but often with the weight of his bodie killing them outright. Saladyne hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fal to the ground, but to take opportunitie by the forehead, first by secret meanes convented with the Norman, and procured him with rich rewards to sweare, that if Rosader came within his claws hee should never more returne to quarrel with Saladyne for his possessions. The Norman desirous of pelfe, as, *quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit aurum*, taking great gifts for little Gods, tooke the crownes of Saladyne to performe the Stratagem. Having thus the Champion tied to his vilanous determination by oath, hee prosecuted the intent of his purpose thus:—He went to yoong Rosader (who in all his thoughts reacht at honour, and gazed no lower then vertue commanded him) and began to tel him of this Tournament and Wrastling, how the King should bee there, and all the chiefe Peeres of France, with all the beautiful damosels of the Countrey. "Now, brother," quoth hee, "for the honor of Sir John of Bourdeaux, our renowned father, to famous that house that never hath bin found without men approved in chivalrie, shewe thy resolution to be peremptorie. For myselfe thou knowest, though I am eldest by birth, yet never having attempted any deedes of Armes I am yongest to performe any martial exploytes, knowing better how to survey my lands then to charge my Launce: my brother Fernandyne hee is at Paris poring on a fewe papers, having more insight into Sophistrie and principles of Philosophie, then anie warlyke indeveurs; but thou, Rosader, the youngest in yeares but the eldest in valour, art a man of strength, and darest doo what honour allowes thee. Take thou my fathers Launce, his Sword, and his Horse, and hye thee to the

Tournament, and either there valiantly cracke a speare, or trie with the Norman for the palme of activitie." The words of Saladyne were but spurres to a free horse, for hee had scarce uttered them, ere Rosader tooke him in his armes, taking his proffer so kindly, that hee promised in what hee might to requite his curtesie. The next morrow was the day of the Tournament, and Rosader was so desirous to shew his heroycal thoughts, that he past the night with litle sleep; but assoone as Phœbus had vailed the Curteine of the night, he gat him up, and taking his leave of his brother, mounted himselfe towards the place appoynted, thinking every mile ten leagues til he came there.

But leaving him so desirous of the journey: to Torismond, the king of France, who having by force banished Gerismond their lawful king, that lived as an outlaw in the forest of Arden, sought now by all meanes to keep the French busied with all sports that might breed their content. Amongst the rest he had appointed this solemne Tournament, wherunto hee in most solemne maner resorted, accompanied with the twelve peers of France, who, rather for fear then love, graced him with the shew of their dutiful favours: to feede their eyes, and to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare and glistring objects, he had appoynted his owne daughter Alinda to be there, and the fair Rosalynd, daughter unto Gerismond, with al the beautifull Dammoselles that were famous for their features in all France.

Thus in that place did love and war triumph in a simpthy; for such as were martial, might use their Launce to be renowned for the excellency of their Chevalrie, and suche as were amorous, might glut themselves with gazing on the beauties of most heavenly creatures. As every mans eye had his several survey, and fancie was partial in their lookes, yet all in general applauded the admirable riches that Nature bestowed on the face of Rosalynde; for uppon her cheeks there seemed a battaile betweene the Graces, who should bestow most favour to make her excellent. The blush that gloried Luna, when she kist the Shepheard on the hilles of Latmos, was not tainted with such a pleasant dye, as the Vermilion flourisht on the silver hue of Rosalyndes countenance: her eyes were lyke those Lampes that made the wealthie covert of the Heavens more gorgious, sparkling favour and disdaïne; courteous and yet coye, as if in them Venus

had placed all her amoretts, and Diana all her chastitie. The trammelles of her hayre, foulded in a net of Golde, so farre surpast the burnisht glisten of the mettall, as the Sunne doth the meanest Starre in brightness: the tresses that foldes in the browes of Apollo were not halfe so rich to the sight, for in her hayres it seemed love had laid herselfe in ambush, to intrappe the proudest eye that durst gaze uppon their excellence: what shoulde I neede to decipher her particular beauties, when by the censure of all, shee was the Paragon of all earthly perfection. This Rosalynd sat I say with Alinda as a beholder of these sportes, and made the Cavaliers cracke their Lances with more courage: many deedes of Knighthood that day were performed, and many prizes were given according to their several desertes: at last when the Tournament ceased, the wrastling beganne, and the Norman presented himselfe as a chalenger against all commers, but hee looked lyke Hercules when he advaunst himselfe agaynst Achelous, so that the furie of his countenance amazed all that durst attempte to incounter with him in any deed of activitie: til at last a lustie Francklin of the Country came with two tall men, that were his sonnes, of good lyniaments and comely personage: the eldest of these, dooing his obeysance to the king, entered the Lyst, and presented himselfe to the Norman, who straight coapt with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glorie of his strength, roused himselfe with such furie, that not onely hee gave him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage; which the yoonger brother seeing, lepte presently into the place, and thirstie after the revenge, assayled the Norman with such valour, that at the first incounter hee brought him to his knees: which repulst so the Norman, that recovering himselfe, feare of disgrace doubling his strength, hee stept so stearnely to the yoong Francklin, that taking him up in his armes hee threw him against the grounde so violently, that hee broake his necke, and so ended his dayes with his brother. At this unlookt for massacre, the people murmured, and were all in a deepe passion of pittie; but the Franklin, father unto these, never chaunged his countenance, but as a man of a courageous resolution, tooke up the bodies of his sonnes without shewe of outward discontent.

All the while stood Rosader and sawe this Tragedie: who noting the undoubted vertue of the Francklins minde, alighted of from his

Horse, and presently sat downe on the grasse, and commanded his boy to pul off his bootes, making him ready to try the strength of this Champion; being furnished as he would, he clapt the Francklin on the shoulder and said thus. "Bold yeoman, whose sonnes have ended the terme of their yeares with honour, for that I see thou scornest fortune with patience, and thwartest the injury of fate with content, in brooking the death of thy sonnes, stand awhile and either see me make a third in their Tragedie, or else revenge their fal with an honourable triumph." The Francklin seeing so goodly a gentleman to give him such curteous comfort, gave him hartie thankes, with promise to pray for his happy successe.

With that Rosader vailed bonnet to the king, and lightly leapt within the lists, where noting more the companie then the combatant, he cast his eye upon the troupe of Ladies that glistered there lyke the starres of heaven, but at last Love willing to make him as amorous as hee was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalynd, whose admirable beauty so inveagled the eye of Rosader, that forgetting himselfe, hee stood and fedde his lookes on the favour of Rosalyndes face; which shee perceiving, blusht, which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellence, that the bashful redde of Aurora, at the sight of unacquainted Phaeton, was not halfe so glorious.

The Normane, seeing this young gentleman fettered in the lookes of the Ladyes, drave him out of his *memento* with a shake by the shoulder; Rosader looking backe with an angrie frowne, as if hee had been wakened from some pleasaunt dreame, discovered to all by the fure of his countenance that hee was a man of some high thoughts: but when they all noted his youth, and the sweetnesse of his visage, with a general applause of favours, they grieved that so goodly a yoong man should venture in so base an action; but seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprise, they wisht him to bee graced with the palme of victorie. After Rosader was thus called out of his *memento* by the Norman, he roughly clapt to him with so fierce an encounter, that they both fel to the ground, and with the violence of the fal were forced to breathe: in which space the Norman called to minde by all tokens, that this was hee whome Saladyne had appoynted him to kil; which conjecture made him stretch every limbe, and try every sinew, that working his death hee might recover the golde, which so bountifully was promised him.

On the contrary part, Rosader while he breathed was not idle, but stil cast his eye upon Rosalynde, who to incourage him with a favour, lent him such an amorous looke, as might have made the most coward desperate : which glance of Rosalind so fiered the passionate desires of Rosader, that turning to the Norman, hee ranne upon him and braved him with a strong encounter. The Norman received him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to judge on whose side fortune would be prodigal. At last Rosader, calling to minde the beautie of his new Mistresse, the fame of his fathers honours, and the disgrace that should fal to his house by his misfortune, rowsed himselfe, and threw the Norman against the ground, falling uppon his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman yielded nature her due, and Rosader the victorie.

The death of this Champion, as it highly contented the Francklin, as a man satisfied with revenge, so it drue the King and all the Peeres into a great admiration, that so yoong in yeares and so beautiful a personage should contain such martiall excellence : but when they knew him to bee the yoongest son of Sir John of Bourdeaux, the King rose from his seat and imbraced him, and the Peeres intreated him with all favourable curtese. . . . As the King and Lordes graced him with embracyng, so the Ladyes favoured him with theyr lookes, especially Rosalynd, whome the beautie and valour of Rosader had already touched : but she accounted love a toye, and fancie a momentary passion, that as it was taken in with a gaze, might be shaken off with a winke : and therefore feared not to dally in the flame ; and to make Rosader know she affected him, tooke from her necke a Jewel, and sent it by a Page to the yong gentleman. The prize that Venus gave to Paris, was not halfe so pleasing to the Trojan, as this jemme was to Rosader: for if fortune had sworne to make himself sole Monarke of the world, he would rather have refused such dignitie, than have lost the Jewel sent to him by Rosalynd. . . . To returne hir with the like he was unfurnished, and yet that he might more than in his lookes discover his affection, hee stept into a tent, and taking pen and paper writ this fancie. . . . This sonnet he sent to Rosalynd, which when she read, shee blusht. . . . Leaving her to her intertained fancies, againe to Rosader, who triumphing in the glorie of this conquest, accompanied with a troupe of yoong gentlemen, that were desirous to be his familiars, went

home to his brother Saladyne, who was walking before the gates, to heare what successe his brother Rosader should have, assuring himself of his death, and devising how with dissimuled sorrowe, to celebrate his funerals: as he was in his thought he cast up his eye, and sawe where Rosader returned with the garland on his head, as having won the prize, accompanied with a crue of boon companions: greeved at this, he stepped in and shut the gate. Rosader . . . ran his foot against the doore, and brake it open: drawing his sword, and entring boldly into the Hall, where he found none (for all were fled) but one Adam Spencer an English man, who had beene an old and trustie servant to Sir John of Bourdeaux: he for the love hee bare to his deceased Maister, favored the part of Rosader, and gave him and his such entertainment as he could. Rosader gave him thanks, and looking about, seeing the Hall empty, saide, "Gentlemen, you are welcome; frolike and be merry." . . . Assoone as they were gone, Rosader . . . drew his sword, and swore to be revenged on the discourteous Saladyne: yet by the meanes of Adam Spencer, who sought to continue friendshippe and amity betwixte the brethren, and through the flattering submission of Saladyne, they were once againe reconciled: . . . where leaving them in this happy league, let us returne to Rosalynde.

Rosalynd returning home from the tryumph, after she waxed solitary, Love presented her with the Idea of Rosaders perfection, and taking her at discover, stroke her so deepe, as she felte her selfe grow passing passionate; she began to cal to minde the comlinesse of his person, the honor of his parents, and the vertues that excelling both, made him so gracious in the eies of every one. Sucking in thus the hony of love, by imprinting in her thoughts his rare qualities, shee began to surfet with the contemplation of his vertuous conditions, but when she cald to remembrance her present estate, and the hardnesse of her fortunes, desire began to shrink, and fancie to vale bonnet. . . . Smiling to her selfe to thinke of her new intertained passions, taking up her Lute that lay by her, she warbled out this dittie. . . .

Scarce had Rosalynd ended her Madrigale, before Torismond came in with his daughter Alinda, and many of the Peers of France, who were enamoured of her beauty; which Torismond perceiving, fearing least her perfection might be the beginning of his prejudice, . . .

he thought to banish her from the court: "for," quoth he to himselfe, "her face is so ful of favour, that it pleades pittie in the eye of every man: her beauty is so heavenly and devine, that she wil prove to me as Helen did to Priam: some one of the Peeres wil ayme at her love, end the marriage, and then in his wives right attempt the kingdome. To prevent therefore *had-I-wist* in all these actions, shee tarryes not about the Court, but shall, as an exile, eyther wander to her father, or else seeke other fortunes." In this humour, with a sterne countenance ful of wrath, he breathed out this censure unto her before the Peers, that charged her that that night shee were not seene about the Court: "for," quoth he, "I have heard of thy aspiring speeches, and intended treasons." This doome was strange unto Rosalynd, and presently covred with the shield of her innocence, she boldly brake out in reverent tearms to have cleared herself; but Torismond would admit of no reason, nor durst his Lords plead for Rosalynd, although her beauty had made some of them passionate, seeing the figure of wrath pourtrayed in his brow. Standing thus all mute, and Rosalynd amazed, Alinda, who loved her more than herself, with grief in her hart and teares in her eyes, falling down on her knees, began to intreat her father thus.

"If, mighty Torismond, I offend in pleading for my friend, let the law of amitie crave pardon for my boldnesse; for where there is depth of affection, there friendship alloweth a priviledge. Rosalynde and I have beene fostered up from our infancies, and noursed under the harbour of our conversing togeather with such private familiarities, that custome had wrought an unyon of our nature, and the sympathie of our affections such a secret love, that we have two bodies and one soule. . . . Use Justice, my lord; it is the glory of a King, and let her live in your wonted favour; for if you banish her, myselfe as co-partner of her harde fortunes, will participate in exile some part of her extremities."

Torismond, at this speech of Alinda, covered his face with such a frown, as tyranny seemed to sit triumphant in his forehead. . . .

"Proude girle," quoth he, . . . "hath not my yeares more experience than thy youth? . . . The olde Lion avoides the toyles, where the yong one leapes into the nette. . . . Thou, fond girle, measureth all by present affection, and as thy heart loves, thy thoughts censure; but if thou knewest that in liking Rosalynd thou hatchest up a bird

to pecke out thine owne eyes, thou wouldst intreat as much for hir absence as now thou delightest in her presence. But why doe I alleadge policie to thee? sit you downe, huswife, and fall to your needle. . . . And you, mayd, this night be packing, eyther into Arden to your father, or whither best it shall content your humour, but in the Court you shall not abide."

This rigorous replie of Torismond nothing amazed Alinda, for stil she prosecuted her plea in defence of Rosalynd, wishing her Father, if his censure might not be reverst, that he would appoynt her partner of her exile; which if he refused, eyther she would by some secret meanes steale out and followe her, or else ende her dayes with some desperate kind of death. When Torismond heard his daughter so resolute, his heart was so hardened against her, that he sent down a definitive and peremptory sentence, that they should both be banished, which presently was done. . . . Rosalynd waxed very sad, and sate downe and wept. Alinda she smiled, and sitting by her friend began thus to comfort her.

"Be patient, Rosalynde, for, first, by thine exile thou goest to thy father . . . and, more, . . . thou hast with thee Alinda, . . . who hath left her father to follow thee, and chooseth rather to brooke al extremities then to forsake thy presence."

At this Rosalynd began to comfort her, and after shee had wept a fewe kinde teares in the bosome of her Alinda, shee gave her heartie thanks, and then they sat them downe to consult how they should travel. Alinda grieved at nothing but that they might have no man in their company, saying, it would bee their greatest prejudice in that two women went wandring without either guide or attendant. "Tush," quoth Rosalynd, "art thou a woman, and hast not a sodeine shift to prevent a misfortune? I (thou seest) am of a tall stature, and would very wel become the person and apparel of a Page: thou shalt bee my mistresse, and I wil play the man so properly, that (trust me) in what company so ever I come I wil not be discovered. I wil buy me a suite, and have my Rapier very handsomly at my side, and if any knave offer wrong, your Page will shew him the poynt of his weapon." At this Alinda smiled, and upon this they agreed, and presently gathered up al their jewels, which they trussed up in a casket, and Rosalynd in all hast provided her of robes, and Alinda, from her royall weedes, put herselfe in more homelie attire.

Thus fitted to the purpose, away goe these two friends, having now changed their names, Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynd Ganimede: they traueiled along the Vineyardes, and by many by-waies: at last got to the Forrest side, where they traueiled by the space of two or three dayes without seeing anye creature, being often in danger of wilde beasts, and payned with many passionate sorrowes.

Passing thus on along, about midday they came to a fountain, compast with a groave of Cipresse trees, so cunningly and curiously planted, as if some Goddess had intreated Nature in that place to make her an Arbour. . . . Ganimede, casting up his eye espied where on a tree was ingraven certaine verses. . . .

"No doubt" (quoth Aliena) "this poesie is the passion of some perplexed shepheard, that being enamoured of some faire and beautifull Shepheardesse, suffered some sharpe repulse, and therfore complained of the crueltie of his Mistress." "You may see" (quoth Ganimede) "what mad cattel you women be, whose harts sometimes are made of Adamant that wil touch with no impression, and sometimes of wax that is fit for every forme: they delight to be courted, and then they glory to seeme coy." . . . "And I pray you" (quoth Aliena) "what mettall are you made of that you are so satyirical against women? is it not a foule bird that defiles his own nest? . . . Leave off to taunt thus bitterly, or els Ile pull off your pages apparrell and whip you (as Venus doth her wantons) with nettles."

"So you will" (quoth Ganimede) "perswade me to flattery, and that needs not: but come (seeing we have found here by this Fount the tract of Shepheardes by their Madrigalles and Roundelaies) let us forwarde; for either wee shall finde some foldes, sheepcoates, or els some cottages wherin for a day or two to rest." "Content" (quoth Aliena) and with that they rose up, and marched forward till towards the even: and then comming into a faire valley (compassed with mountaines, whereon grew many pleasaunt shrubbes) they might descrie where two flockes of sheepe did feed. Then, looking about, they might perceive where an old shepheard sate (and with him a yoong swaine) under a covert most pleasantly scituated. The ground where they sate was diapred with Floras riches, as if she ment to wrap Tellus in the glorie of her vestments; round about in the forme of an Amphitheater were most curiously planted Pine trees, interseamed with Lymons and Cytrons, which with the

thickness of their boughes so shadowed the place, that Phœbus could not prie into the secret of that Arbour. Fast by (to make the place more gorgious) was there a Fount so Christalline and cleere, that it seemed Diana with her Driades and Hemadriades had that spring, as the secret of all their bathings. In this glorious Arbour satte these two shepherdes (seeing their sheepe feede) playing on their Pipes many pleasant tunes, and from musicke and melodie falling into much amorous chat; drawing more nigh we might descry the countenance of the one to be full of sorrow, his face to bee the very pourtraiture of discontent, and his eyes full of woes, that living he seemed to dye.¹ . . .

The shepherds having thus ended their Eglogue, Aliena stept with Ganimede from behind the thicket; at whose sodayne sight the shepherds arose, and Aliena saluted them thus: "Shepherds, all haile (for such wee deeme you by your flockes) and Lovers, good lucke (for such you seeme by your passions) our eyes being witnesse of the one, and our eares of the other. Although not by Love, yet by Fortune, I am a distressed Gentlewoman, as sorrowfull as you are passionate, and as full of woes as you of perplexed thoughts. Wandring this way in a forrest unknown, onely I and my page, wearied with travel, would faine have some place of rest. May you appoint us any place of quiet harbour (be it never so meane) I shall bee thankfull to you, contented in my selfe, and gratefull to whosoever shall be mine Host." Coridon, hearing the Gentlewoman speake so courteously, returned her mildly and reverently this answere:

"Faïre Mistresse, wee retorne you as hearty a welcome as you gave us a courteous salute. A shepherd I am, and this a lover, as watchful to please his wench, as to feed his sheep: ful of fancies, and therefore, say I, full of follyes. Exhort him I may, but perswade him I cannot; for Love admits neither of counsaile nor reason. But leaving him to his passions, if you be distrest, I am sorrowfull such a faïre creature is crost with calamitie: pray for you I may, but releeve you I cannot. Marry, if you want lodging, if you vouch to

¹ This is Montanus, Shakespeare's Silvius, the poet of the beech-bark, who in a "pleasant eglog" of thirty-four quatrains confesses to old Corydon, Shakespeare's Corin, his love for Phœbe.

shrowd your selves in a shepheards cottage, my house for this night shall be your harbour." Aliena thank't Coridon greatly, and presently sate her downe and Ganimede by hir. Coridon looking earnestly upon her, and with a curious survey viewing all her perfections applauded (in his thought) her excellence and, pitying her distresse, desirous to heare the cause of her misfortunes, began to question with her thus.

"If I should not (faire Damosell) occasionate offence, or renew your griefs by rubbing the scar, I would faine crave so much favour as to know the cause of your misfortunes, and why, and whither you wander with your page in so dangerous forest?" Aliena (that was as courteous as she was fayre) made this replie. "Shepherd, a friendly demaund ought never to be offensive, and questions of curtesie carry priviledged pardons in their foreheads. Know, therefore, to discover my fortunes were to renew my sorrowes, and I should, by discoursing my mishaps, but rake fire out of the cynders. Therefore let this suffice, gentle shepherd: my distress is as great as my travaile is dangerous, and I wander in this Forrest to light on some cottage where I and my page may dwell: for I meane to buy some Farme, and a flocke of sheepe, and so become a shepheardesse, meaning to live low, and content mee with a countrey life: for I have heard the swaines saye, that they drunke without suspition, and slept without care." "Marry, mistress," quoth Coridon, "if you meane so you came in good time, for my Landlord intends to sell both the Farme I tyll, and the flocke I keepe, and cheape you may have them for ready money: and for a shepheards life (oh Mistres) did you but live a while in their content, you would say the court were rather a place of sorrow then of solace. Here, mistresse, shal not fortune thwart you, but in mean misfortunes, as the losse of a few sheepe, which, as it breedes no beggery, so it can bee no extreame prejudice: the next yeare may mend all with a fresh increase. Envy stirres not us, we covet not to climbe, our desires mount not above our degrees, nor our thoughts above our fortunes. Care cannot harbour in our cottages, nor doe our homely couchies know broken slumbers: as wee exceed not in dyet, so we have inough to satisfie: and, Mistresse, I have so much Latin, *satis est quod sufficit*."

"By my troth, shepherd" (quoth Aliena) "thou makest mee in

love with thy countrey life, and therefore send for thy landslord, and I will buy thy Farme and thy flocks, and thou shalt still under me bee overseer of them both: onely for pleasure sake I and my Page will serve you, lead the flocks to the field and folde them. Thus will I live quiet, unknowne, and contented." This newes so gladdened the hart of Coridon, that he should not be put out of his farme, that putting off his shepheards bonnet, he did hir all the reverence that he might. But all this while sate Montanus in a muse, thinking of the crueltie of his Phœbe, whom he wooed long, but was in no hope to win. Ganimede, who stil had the remembrance of Rosader in his thoughtes, tooke delight to see the poore shepheard passionate, laughing at love, that in all his actions was so imperious. At last, when she had noted his teares that stole down his cheeks, and his sighes that broke from the center of his heart, pittying his lament, she demanded of Coridon why the yong shepheard looked so sorrowful? "Oh sir" (quoth he) "the boy is in love."

. . . With this they were at Coridon's Cottage, where Montanus parted from them, and they went in to rest. Aliena and Ganimede, glad of so contented a shelter, made merry with the poore swaine; and though they had but countrey fare and course lodging, yet their welcome was so greate, and their cares so little, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had beene in the court of Torismond. The next morne they lay long in bed, as wearyed with the toyle of unaccustomed travaile; but assoone as they got up, Aliena resolved there to set up her rest, and by the helpe of Coridon swapt a bargaine with his landslord, and so became mistres of the farme and the flocke, her selfe putting on the attyre of a shepherdesse, and Ganimede of a yong swaine: everye day leading forth her flockes, with such delight, that she held her exile happy, and thoght no content to the blisse of a Countrey cottage. Leaving her thus famous amongst the shepheards of Arden, againe to Saladyne.

When Saladyne had a long while concealed a secrete resolution of revenge, . . . it chaunced on a morning very early he cald up certain of his servants, and went with them to the chamber of Rosader, which being open, hee entred with his crue, and surprized his brother when he was a sleepe, and bound him in fetters, and in the midst of his hall chained him to a post. . . . Who thus abused, . . . continued two or three daies without meat: insomuch that seeing his

brother would give him no food, he fel in despaire of his life. . . . Which Adam Spencer seeing, . . . in the night rose secretly, and brought him such victuals as he could provide. . . . About the time appointed, came all the gwestes bidden by Saladyne. . . . Hee . . . shewed them where his brother was bound, and was inchainde as a man lunaticke. Rosader made reply, . . . desiring they would in pitie seeke some meanes for his reliefe. But in vaine. . . . They carelesse, sat downe with Saladyne to dinner, beeing very frolicke and pleasant, washing their heades well with wine. At last, when the fume of the grape had entered peale meale into their braines, they began in satyricall speeches to raile against Rosader: which Adam Spencer no longer brooking, gave the signe, and Rosader shaking off his chaines got a pollaxe in his hande, and flew amongst them with such violence and fury, that he hurt many, slew some, and drave his brother and all the rest quite out of the house. . . . Saladyne . . . went to the Sheriffe of the shire . . . who . . . tooke with him five and twentie tall men and . . . went forward to set Saladyne in his former estate. . . . No sooner came Saladyne and he to the gates, but Rosader unlookt for leapt out and assailed them, wounded many of them, and caused the rest to give backe, so that Adam and he broke through the prease in despite of them all, and tooke their way towards the forrest of Arden. . . . This repulse so set the Sheriffs hart on fire to revenge, that he straight raised all the country, and made Hue and Crie after them.

But Rosader and Adam, knowing full well the secret waies that led through the vineyards, stole away privily through the province of Bourdeaux, and escaped safe to the forrest of Arden. Being come thether, they were glad they had so good a harbor: but fortune, (who is like the Camelion) variable with every object, and constant in nothing but inconstancie, thought to make them myrrours of her mutabilitie, and therefore still crost them thus contrarily. Thinking still to passe on by the bywaies to get to Lions, they chanced on a path that led into the thicke of the forrest, where they wandred five or sixe dayes without meate, that they were almost famished, finding neither shepheard nor cottage to relieve them; and hunger growing on so extreame, Adam Spencer (being olde) began to faint, and sitting him downe on a hill, and looking about him, espied where Rosader laye as feeble and as ill perplexed: which sight made him shedde teares. . . .

As he was readie to go forward in his passion, he looked earnestly on Rosader, and seeing him chaunge colour, hee rose up and went to him, and holding his temples, said, "What cheere, maister? though all faile, let not the heart faint: the courage of a man is shewed in the resolution of his death." At these wordes Rosader lifted up his eye, and looking on Adam Spencer, began to weep. "Ah, Adam," quoth he, "I sorrow not to dye, but I grieve at the maner of my death. Might I with my Launce encounter the enemy, and so die in the field, it were honour, and content: might I (Adam) combate with some wilde beast, and perish as his praie, I were satisfied; but to die with hunger, O, Adam, it is the extreamest of all extreames!" "Maister" (quoth he) "you see we are both in one predicament, and long I cannot live without meate; seeing therefore we can finde no foode, let the death of the one preserve the life of the other. I am old, and overworne with age, you are yoong, and are the hope of many houours: let me then dye, I will presently cut my veynes, and, maister, with the warme blood relieve your fainting spirites: sucke on that til I ende, and you be comforted." With that Adam Spencer was ready to pull out his knife, when Rosader, full of courage (though verie faint) rose up, and wisht Adam Spencer to sit there til his returne; "for my mind gives me," quoth he, "I shall bring thee meate." With that, like a mad man, he rose up, and raunged up and downe the woods, seeking to encounter some wilde beast with his Rapier, that either he might carry his friend Adam food, or else pledge his life in pawn for his loyaltie. It chaunced that day, that Gerismond, the lawfull king of France banished by Torismond, who with a lustie crue of Outlawes lived in that Forrest, that day in honour of his birth made a feast to all his bolde yeomen, and frolickt it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table under the shadow of Lymon trees. To that place by chance fortune conducted Rosader, who seeing such a crue of brave men, having store of that for want of which hee and Adam perished, hee stept boldly to the boords end, and saluted the company thus:

"Whatsoever thou be that art maister of these lustie squiers, I salute thee as graciously as a man in extreame distresse may: know that I and a fellow friend of mine are here famished in the Forrest for want of food: perish wee must, unlesse relieved by thy favours. Therefore if thou be a Gentleman, give meate to men, and to such

as are everie way woorthie of life. Let the proudest squire that sits at thy table, rise and incounter with mee in any honorable point of activitie whatsoever, and if hee and thou proove me not a man, send me away comfortlesse. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will have amongst you with my sword; for rather wil I dye valiantly, then perish with so cowardly an extreame." Gerismond, looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a Gentleman in so bitter a passion, was moved with so great pitie, that rising from the table, he tooke him by the hand and badde him welcome, willing him to sit downe in his place, and in his roome not onely to eat his fill, but be Lorde of the feast. "Gramercy, sir" (quoth Rosader) "but I have a feeble friend that lyes hereby famished almost for food, aged and therefore lesse able to abide the extremitie of hunger than my selfe, and dishonour it were for me to taste one crumme, before I made him partner of my fortunes: therefore I will runne and fetch him, and then I wil gratefully accept of your proffer." Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, and tels him the newes, who was glad of so happie fortune, but so feeble he was that he could not go; wherupon Rosader got him up on his backe, and brought him to the place. Which when Gerismond and his men saw, they greatly applauded their league of friendship; and Rosader having Gerismonds place assigned him, would not sit there himselfe, but set downe Adam Spencer. . . . Rosader (desirous any way to satisfie the curtesie of his favourable host, first beginning his *exordium* with a volley of sighes, and a few luke warme teares) . . . told him from point to point all his fortunes. . . .

When Gerismond heard this, he fell on the neck of Rosader, and . . . made him one of his forresters. Rosader seeing it was the King, cravde pardon for his boldnesse. . . . Gerismond not satisfied yet with newes, beganne to enquire if he had been lately in the Court of Torismond, and whether he had seene his daughter Rosalynde, or no? At this, Rosader fetcht a deep sigh, and shedding many teares, could not answere: yet at last, gathering his spirits together, he revealed unto the King, how Rosalynde was banished. . . . This newes drave the King into a great melancholy . . . and . . . the company was all dasht at these tydings . . . where we leave them, and returne againe to Torismond.

The flight of Rosader came to the eares of Torismond, who hearing

that Saladyne was sole heire of the landes of Sir John of Bourdeaux, desirous to possesse suche faire revenewes, found just occasion to quarrell with Saladyne about the wrongs he proffered to his brother; and therefore, dispatching a herehault, he sent for Saladyne in all poast haste: who, marveiling what the matter should be, began to examine his owne conscience, wherein hee had offended his highnesse; but imboldened with his innocence, he boldly went with the herehault unto the court; where, assoone as hee came, hee was not admitted into the presence of the king, but presently sent to prison. . . . Many passionate thoughts came in his head, till at last he began to fall into consideration of his former follies, and to meditate with himselfe. . . .

“Unhappie Saladyne . . . are not the heavens doomers of mens deedes? . . . Oh Saladyne . . . Rosaders wrongs . . . cryes for revenge.” . . .

In the depth of his passion, hee was sent for to the king, who, with a looke that threatened death entertained him, and demaunded of him where his brother was? Saladyne made answer, that upon some ryot made against the Sheriffe of the shire, he was fled from Bourdeaux, but he knew not whither. “Nay, villaine” (quoth he) “I have heard of the wronges thou hast proffered thy brother, since the death of thy father and by thy means have I lost a most brave and resolute Chevalier. Therefore, in justice to punish thee, I spare thy life for thy fathers sake, but banish thee for ever from the court and countrey of France; and see thy departure be within tenne dayes, els trust me thou shalt loose thy head.” And with that the king flew away in a rage, and left poore Saladyne greatly perplexed; who grieving at his exile, yet determined to bear it with patience, and in penance of his former follies to travaile abroad in every coast till he had found out his brother Rosader. With whom now I beginne.

Rosader, beeing thus preferred to the place of a Forrester by Gerismond, rooted out the remembrance of his brothers unkindnes by continuall exercise, traversing the groves and wilde Forrests. . . . Yet whatsoever he did, or howsoever he walked, the lively image of Rosalynde remained in memorie. . . . One day among the rest, finding a fit opportunity and place convenient, desirous to discover his woes to the woodes, he engraved with his knife on the bark of a Mir tre, this pretye estimate of his Mistres perfection.

"Of all chast birdes the Phœnix doth excell,
 Of all strong beastes the Lyon beares the bell,
 Of all sweet flowers the Rose doth sweetest smel,
 Of all faire maydes my Rosalynd is fairest." . . .

In these and such like passions Rosader did every day eternize the name of his Rosalynd; and this day especially when Aliena and Ganimede . . . arrived in that place . . . they saw . . . his folded arms, his passionate sighes. . . . Whereupon (gessing him to be in love, and according to the nature of their sexe being pittiful in that behalfe) they sodailly brake off his melancholy by theyr approach. . . . Reading the sonnet over, and hearing him name Rosalynde, Aliena lookt on Ganimede and laught, and Ganimede looking backe on the Forrester, and seeing it was Rosader, blusht; yet thinking to shrowd all under her pages apparell, she boldly returned to Rosader, and began thus.

"I pray thee tell me, Forrester, what is this Rosalynd for whom thou pinest away in such passions?" . . . At this Rosader fecht a deepe sigh, and sayde, "It is she, O gentle Swayne, it is she, that Saint it is to whom I serve, that Goddesse at whose shrine I doe bende all my devotions: the most fayrest of all faires, the Phenix of all that sexe, and the puritie of all earthly perfection. . . . She is a Diamond, bright, but not hard, . . . a Rose without prickles. . . . Ah shepheard, I have reacht at a starre."

"Why Forrester," quoth Ganimede, "comfort thy selfe: be blyth and frolike, man. . . . Faint heart never woone faire Ladye." . . .

Rosader . . . giving both Ganimede and Aliena a gentle good night, . . . resorted to his lodge, leaving them to their prittie prattle. . . . With that they put their sheepe into the coates, and went home to . . . Coridons Cottage, Aliena as merry as might bee, that she was thus in the company of her Rosalynde: but she, poore soule, that had Love her loadstarre, and her thoughts set on fire with the flame of fancie, could take no rest. . . .

The Sunne was no sooner stept from the bed of Aurora, but Aliena was wakened by Ganimede. . . . Aliena . . . replied thus. . . . "Phœbus hath not dried up the pearled dew . . . but . . . where love prickes forward, there is no worse death than delay." "Come on" (quoth Ganimede) "this sermon of yours is but a subiltie to lie

stil a bed. . . . And for Love, . . . looke you to your selfe. . . . Be not . . . too coy, for Cupid hath a piercing dart." . . . "And that it is" (quoth Aliena) "that hath raised you so earlie this morning." . . . Assoone as she had made her ready, and taken her breakfast, away goe these two with their bagge and bottles to the field, in more pleasant content of mind, then ever they were in the court of Torismond. They came no sooner nigh the foldes, but they might see where their discontented Forrester was walking in his melancholy. . . . Rosader seeing the faire shepheardesse and her prettie Swayne, in whose company he felt the greatest ease of his care, hee returned them a salute. . . . They sate downe upon a greene banke, shadowed with figge trees, and Rosader, fetching a deep sigh, read them [three sonnets]. . . .

"Thus," quoth Rosader, "here is an ende of my Poems, but for all this no release of my passions." . . . Ganimede, pittying her Rosader, thinking to drive him out of this amorous melancholy, said, that now the Sunne was in his Meridionall heat, and that it was high noone; "therefore wee shepheards say, tis time to go to dinner; for the Sunne and our stomackes are Shepheards dials. Therefore, Forrester, if thou wilt take such fare as comes out of our homely scrips, welcome shall answere whatsoever thou wantest in delicates." Aliena tooke the entertainment by the ende, and tolde Rosader hee should bee her guest. He thankt them heartily, and sat with them downe to dinner, where they had such cates as countrey state did allow them, sawst with such content, and such sweete prattle, as it seemed farre more sweet than all their courtly junkets.

Assone as they had taken their repast, Rosader, giving them thanks for his good cheare, would have been gone; but Ganimede, that was loath to let him passe out of her presence, began thus: "Nay, Forrester," quoth he, "if thy busines be not the greater, seeing thou saist thou art so deeply in love, let me see how thou canst wooe: I will represent Rosalynde, and thou shalt bee as thou art, Rosader. See in some amorous eglogue, how if Rosalynd were present, how thou couldst court her; and while we sing of love, Aliena shall tune her pipe and plaie us melodie." . . .

"And thereupon" (quoth Aliena) "Ile play the priest: from this daye forth Ganimede shall call thee husband, and thou shalt cal Ganimede wife, and so wee le have a marriage." "Content" (quoth

Rosader) and laught. "Content" (quoth Ganimede) and chaunged as red as a rose: and so with a smile and a blush, they made up this jesting match, that after proved to be a marriage in earnest, Rosader full little thinking hee had wooed and wonne his Rosalynde. . . . So they passed away the day in many pleasant devices. Till at last Aliena perceyved time would tarry no man, and that the Sun waxed very low, readie to set: which made her shorten their amorous prattle, and end the banquet with a fresh carrowse, . . . and thus the Forrester and they parted. . . . As . . . they were in chat, they spyed olde Coridon where he came plodding to meet them: who told them supper was ready, which news made them speed them home. Where we will leave them to the next morrow, and returne to Saladyne.

All this while did poore Saladyne (banished from Bourdeaux and the court of France by Torismond) wander up and downe in the Forrest of Arden, thinking to get to Lyons, and so travail through Germany into Italie: but the Forrest beeing full of by-pathes, and he unskilfull of the country coast, slipt out of the way, and chaunced up into the Desart, not farre from the place where Gerismond was, and his brother Rosader. Saladyne, wearie with wandring up and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little cave by the side of a thicket, eating such fruite as the Forrest did affoord, and contenting himselfe with such drinke as Nature had provided and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell in a dead sleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry Lyon came hunting downe the edge of the grove for pray, and espying Saladyne began to ceaze upon him: but seeing he lay still without any motion, he left to touch him, for that Lyons hate to pray on dead carkasses; and yet desirous to have some foode, the Lyon lay downe and watcht to see if he would stirre. While thus Saladyne slept secure, fortune that was careful of her champion began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader (having stricken a deere that but slightly hurt fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the grove with a Boare-speare in his hande in great haste. He espyed where a man lay a sleepe, and a Lyon fast by him: amazed at this sight, as he stode gazing, his nose on the sodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his. Whereuppon drawing more nigh, he might easily discerne his visage and perceived by his phisnomie that it was his brother Sala-

dyne; which drave Rosader into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed at the sight of so unexpected a chance, marvelling what should drive his Brother to traverse those secrete Desarts, without any companie, in such distressed and forlorne sorte. But the present time craved no such doubting ambages, for he must eyther resolve to hazard his life for his reliefe, or else steale away, and leave him to the crueltie of the Lyon. In which doubt he thus briefly debated with himself. "Now, Rosader, . . . seest thou not how the Starres are in a favourable aspect, . . . in that Saladyne shall die, and thou bee free of his bloud: he receive meed for his amisse, and thou erect his Tombe with innocent handes. Now, Rosader, shalt thou retourne unto Bourdeaux, and enjoy thy possessions by birth, and his revenews by inheritance; now mayst thou triumph in Love, and hang fortunes Altars with garlands." . . . And with that casting his Boare speare on his necke, away he began to trudge.

But hee had not stept backe two or three paces, but a new motion stroke him to the very hart, that resting his Boare speare against his brest, he felle into this passionate humour.

"Ah, Rosader, wert thou the sonne of Sir John of Bourdeaux? . . . Wilt thou dishonour thy parentage, in forgetting the nature of a Gentleman?" . . .

With that his brother began to stirre, and the Lyon to rowse himselfe, whereupon Rosader sodainly charged him with the Boare speare, and wounded the Lion very sore at the first stroke. The beast feeling himselfe to have a mortall hurt, leapt at Rosader, and with his pawes gave him such a sore pinch on the brest, that he had almost faln; yet as a man most valiant, in whom the sparks of Sir John of Bourdeaux remained, he recovered himselfe, and in short combat slew the Lion; who at his death roared so lowd that Saladyne awaked, and starting up was amazed at the sudden sight of so monstrous a beast lying slaine by him, and so sweet a Gentleman wounded. . . .

At last he burst into these tearmes. "Sir, . . . I perceive thou hast redressed my fortunes by thy courage, and saved my life with thine own losse: which tyes me to be thine in all humble service." . . .

Rosader seeing hee was unknowne to his Brother, woondered to heare such courteous wordes come from his crabbed nature, but glad of such reformed nurture, he made this answere.

. . . "I counted it the part of a resolute man to purchase a strangers reliefe. . . . Lette mee crave that favour, to heare the tragicke cause of thy estate." Saladyne sitting downe, and fetching a deepe sigh, began thus." . . .

"Know . . . (sir) that I am . . . the sonne and heyre of Sir John of Bourdeaux, . . . my name Saladyne; who succeeding my Father in possessions, but not in qualities, having two Brethren committed by my Father at his death to my charge, . . . sette my middle brother to the Universitie . . . and for the yoongest (which was my Fathers joye) yoong Rosader"—And with that, naming of Rosader, Saladyne sate him downe and wept.

"Nay" . . . (quoth the Forrester) . . . "forward with thy discourse."

"Ah, sir" (quoth Saladyne) . . . "I kept Rosader as a slave and . . . banisht him from Bourdeaux. . . . The Gods not able to suffer such impietie unrevenge, so wrought, that the King . . . hath exiled me out of France for ever. . . . Passionat thus with many griefs, in penance of my former follies, I go thus pilgrime like to seeke out my brother, that I may reconcile myselfe to him in all submission, and afterward wend to the holy Land, to ende my yeares in as many vertues, as I have spent my youth in wicked vanities."

Rosader hearing the resolution of his brother Saladyne, began to compassionate his sorrowes, and not able to smother the sparkes of Nature with fained secrecie, he burst into these loving speeches.

"Then know, Saladyne" (quoth he) "that thou hast met with Rosader, who grieves as much to see thy distresse, as thy selfe to feele the burthen of thy misery."

Saladyne casting up his eye, and noting well the phisnomy of the Forrester, knew that it was his brother Rosader, which made him so bash and blush at the first meeting, that Rosader was faine to recomfort him, which he did in such sort, that hee shewed how highly he held revenge in scorne. Much ado there was betweene these two brethren, Saladyne in craving pardon, and Rosader in forgiving and forgetting all former injuries; the one submisse, the other curteous; Saladyne penitent and passionate, Rosader kynd and loving, that at length nature working an union of their thoughts, they earnestly embraced, and fell from matters of unkindnesse, to talke of the Country life, which Rosader so highly commended, that his brother

began to have a desire to taste of that homely content. In this humor Rosader conducted him to Gerismonds Lodge, and presented his brother to the king, discoursing the whole matter how all had hapned betwixt them. The King looking upon Saladyne, found him a man of a most beautifull personage, and sawe in his face sufficient sparkes of ensuing honors, gave him great entertainment, and glad of their friendly reconcilment, promised such favour as the povertie of his estate might afford: . . . and with that . . . he went into his Cell, and left Saladyne . . . whom Rosader straight conducted to the sight of Adam Spencer. Who . . . when he heard the whole matter . . . sayd thus: "I marry, thus it should be, this was the concord that old Sir John of Bourdeaux wisht betwixt you." . . . "Well sayd, Adam Spencer," quoth Rosader, "but hast any victuals in store for us?" "A piece of a red Deer" (quoth he) "and a bottle of wine." "Tis Forresters fare, brother," quoth Rosader: and so they sat down and fel to their cates.

Assoone as they had taken their repast, and had wel dined, Rosader tooke his brother Saladyne by the hand, and shewed him the pleasures of the Forrest, and what content they enjoyed in that mean estate. Thus for two or three dayes he walked up and downe with his brother to shew him all the commodities that belonged to his walke; during which time hee was greatly mist of his Ganymede, who mused much with Aliena what should become of their forrester, . . . for Love measures every minute, and thinkes houres to bee dayes, and dayes to bee moneths, till they feede theyr eyes with the sight of theyr desired object. Thus perplexed lived poore Ganimede: while on a day sitting with Aliena in a great dumpe, she cast up her eye, and saw where Rosader came pacing towards them with his Forrest bill on his necke. . . . Assoone as Rosader was come within the reach of her tongues ende, Aliena began thus. . . . "I see well hote love is soone cold, and that the fancy of men is like to a loose feather that wandreth in the ayre with the blast of every wynd." . . . Heere Rosader discourst unto them what had hapned. . . . But . . . certaine Rascals . . . came rushing in, and layd violent hands upon Aliena and her Page, which made them cry out to Rosader . . . who . . . dealt such blowes amongst them with his weapon, as he did wnesse well upon their carkasses, that he was no coward. But as *Ne Hercules quidem contra duos*, so Rosa-

der could not resist a multitude, . . . had not Fortune . . . brought Saladyne that way . . . who . . . heaved up a Forrest bill he had on his neck, and the first he stroke had never after more need of the Phisition. . . . Some of the crue were slaine, and the rest fled. . . .

Aliena after shee had breathed awhile and was come to her selfe from this feare, lookt about her, and saw where Ganimede was busie dressing up the woundes of the Forrester: but shee cast her eye upon this curteous Champion that had made so hotte a rescue, and . . . Saladyne . . . began . . . to survey all her liniaments with a curious insight. . . . Ganimede . . . sayd, "Truly, Rosader, this Gentleman favours you much in the feature of your face." "No marvell," (quoth he) "gentle Swayne, for tis my eldest brother Saladyne." "Your brother?" quoth Aliena (and with that she blusht) "he is the more welcome, and . . . if it please him to do me that honor, I will cal him servant, and he shall cal me mistresse." "Content, sweet mistress," quoth Saladyne, "and when I forget to call you so, I will be unmindful of mine owne selfe." "Away with these quirkes and quiddities of love," quoth Rosader, "and give me some drinke, for I am passyng thirstie, and then I will home, for my woundes bleed sore, and I will have them drest." Ganimede had teares in her eyes, and passions in her heart to see her Rosader so payned, and therefore stept hastily to the bottle, and filling out some wine in a Mazer, shee spiced it with such comfortable drugges as she had about her, and gave it him, which did comfort Rosader: that rysing (with the helpe of his brother) hee tooke his leave of them, and went to his Lodge. Ganimede assoone as they were out of sight, led his flocks downe to a vale, and there under the shadow of a Beech tree sat downe, and began to mourne the misfortunes of her sweet heart.

And Aliena . . . sitting under a Lymon tree, began to sigh out the passions of her new Love. . . . They went home together after they had folded their flocks, supping with old Coridon, who had provided their cates. . . . Falling on sleepe, their sences at rest, love left them to their quiet slumbers: which were not long. For as soon as Phœbus rose . . . Aliena . . . awakened her page, and said the morning was farre spent, the deaw small, and time called them away to their foldes. "Ah, ah!" quoth Ganimede, "is the wind in that doore? then in fayth I perceive that there is no Diamond so hard but will yeeld to the file, no Cedar so strong but the wind will shake,

nor any mind so chaste but Love will change. Well Aliena, must Saladyne be the man, and will it be a match?" . . .

With this Ganymede start up, made her ready, and went into the fields with Aliena, where unfolding their flockes, they sate them downe under an Olive tree, both of them amorous, and yet diversely affected: Aliena joying in the excellence of Saladyne, and Ganymede sorowing for the wounds of her Rosader, not quiet in thought till shee might heare of his health. As thus both of them sate in their dumpes, they might espie where Coridon came running towards them (almost out of breath with his hast). "What newes with you" (quoth Aliena) "that you come in such post?" "Oh, Mistres" (quoth Coridon) "you have a long time desired to see Phœbe, the faire shepherdesse whom Montanus loves; so now if you please you and Ganymede to walk with mee to yonder thicket, there shall you see Montanus and her sitting by a Fountaine, he courting her with her Countrey ditties, and she coy as if she held love in disdaine."

The newes were so welcome to the two Lovers, that up they rose, and went with Coridon. Assoone as they drew nigh the thicket, they might espie where Phœbe sate (the fairest shepherdesse in all Arden, and he the frolickst swaine in the whole forrest) she in a petticoate of scarlet, covered with a green mantle, and to shrowd her from the Sunne, a chaplet of roses, from under which appeared a face full of Natures excellence, and two such eyes as might have amated a greater man than Montanus. At gaze uppon this gorgeous Nymph sate the Shepherd, feeding his eyes with her favours, wooing with such piteous lookes, and courting with such deepe strained sighs, as would have made Diana her selfe to have been compassionate. . . . "Ah, Phœbe," quoth he, "whereof art thou made, that thou regardest not my maladie?" . . . At these wordes she fild her face full of frowns, and made him this short and sharpe reply. — "Impfortunate shepherd, . . . if your market can be made nowhere els, home againe. . . . Phœbe is no lettice for your lips. . . . Wert thou, Montanus, as faire as Paris, as hardy as Hector, as constant as Troylus, as loving as Leander, Phœbe could not love, because she cannot love at all: and therefore if thou pursue me with Phœbus I must flie with Daphne."

Ganymede, overhearing all these passions of Montanus, could not brooke the crueltie of Phœbe, but starting from behind the bush

said: "And if, Damzell, you fled from mee, I would transforme you as Daphne to a bay, and then in contempt trample your branches under my feet." Phœbe at this sodaine replye was amazed, especially when shee saw so faire a Swaine as Ganimede; blushing therefore she would have bene gone, but that he held her by the hand, and prosecuted his reply thus: "What, shepheardesse, so faire and so cruell? Disdaine beseemes not cottages, nor coynesse maids; for either they be condemned to be too proud, or too froward . . . Love while thou art yoong, least thou be disdained when thou art olde. Beautie nor time cannot be recalde, and if thou love, like of Montanus; for if his desires are many, so his deserts are great." Phœbe all this while gazed on the perfection of Ganimede, as deeply enamored on his perfection as Montanus inveigled with hers.

But leaving Phœbe to the follies of her new fancie, . . . to Saladyne, . . . requested by his brother to go to Aliena and Ganimede, to signify unto them that his woundes were not dangerous. A more happy message could not happen to Saladyne, that taking his Forrest bill on his neck, hee trudgeth in all haste towards the plaines, where Alienaes flockes did feede: comning just to the place when they returned from Montanus and Phœbe. . . . "I pray, youth" (quoth Ganimede with teares in his eyes) "when the Surgion searcht him, held hee his woundes dangerous?" "Dangerous" (quoth Saladyne) "but not mortall: and the sooner to be cured, in that his patient is not impatient of any paines: wherupon my brother hopes within these ten dayes to walke abroad and visite you himselfe." "In the meane time" (quoth Ganimede) "say his Rosalynde commends her to him, and bids him be of good cheare." "I knowe not" (quoth Saladyne) "who that Rosalynde is, but whatsoever she is, her name is never out of his mouth: but amidst the deepest of his passions hee useth Rosalynde as a charme to appease all sorrowes with patience. Insomuch that I conjecture my brother is in love." . . .

"By my fayth" (quoth Aliena) "sir, you are deep read in love, or grows your insight into affection by experience?" . . . Saladyne (that now saw opportunitie pleasant) thought to strike while the yron was hotte, and therefore taking Aliena by the hand sate downe by her; and Ganimede to give them leave to their Loves, found her selfe busie about the foldes." . . . Where we leave them and return to Phœbe.

Phœbe fiered with the uncouth flame of love, returned to her fathers house. . . . Perplexed thus with sundry agonies, her foode began to faile, . . . that, to be short, Phœbe fell extreme sicke. . . . The newes of her sicknesse was bruted abroad through all the Forrest: which no sooner came to Montanus eare, but hee like a mad man came to visit Phœbe. Where sitting by her bed side, he began his Exordium with so many teares and sighes, that she perceiving the extremitie of his sorrows, began now as a Lover to pittie them, although Ganimede helde her from redressing them. . . . She resolved to write unto Ganimede. . . . Although poore Montanus saw day at a little hole, and did perceive what passion pinched her: yet (that he might seeme dutifull to his Mistresse in all service) he dissembled the matter, and became a willing Messenger of his own Martyrdome. And so (taking the Letter) went the next morne very earlie to the plaines where Aliena fedde hir flocks, and there he found Ganimede, sitting under a Pomegranade tree sorrowing for the hard fortunes of her Rosader. Montanus saluted him, and according to his charge delivered Ganimede the letters, which (he said) came from Phœbe. . . . When she had read and over-read them, Ganimede beganne to smile, and looking on Montanus, fell into a great laughter. . . . "I tell thee, Montanus, in courting Phœbe, thou barkest with the Wolves of Syria against the Moone. . . . For prooffe, Montanus, read these letters, wherein thou shalt see thy great follyes and little hope."

With that Montanus tooke them and perused them, but with such sorrow in his lookes, as they bewrayed a sourse of confused passions in his heart, at every line his colour changed, and every sentence was ended with a period of sighes.

"Alas, Ganimede, . . . shee is snared in the beauty of thy excellence. . . . It shall suffice me to see her contented. . . . If she marry though it bee my martyrdome: yet if she be pleased I wil brooke it with patience, and triumph in mine owne stars to see her desires satisfied." . . . Straight (as womens heads are full of wiles) Ganimede had a fetch to force Phœbe to fancie the shepheard. . . . Away they goe towards the house of Phœbe. . . . Phœbe . . . taking Ganimede by the hande began thus. "Faire shepheard . . . let me say in a word what may be contained in a volume, Phœbe loves Ganimede." At this she held downe her head and wept, and

Ganimede rose as one that would suffer no fish to hang on his fingers. . . . "Although I pitie thy martyrdome, yet I can grant no marriage. . . . With the love of Montanus quench the remembraunce of Ganimede."

These wordes were corasives to the perplexed Phœbe, that sobbing out sighes, and straining out teares, she blubbered out these words. . . .

"Justly have the Gods ballanst my fortunes, who beeing cruel to Montanus, found Ganimede as unkinde to my selfe." . . .

"I am glad," quoth Ganimede, "you looke into your own faults, and see where your shoo wrings you, measuring now the pains of Montanus by your owne passions." "Truth," quoth Phœbe, "and so deeply I repent me of my frowardnesse towards the shepheard, that could I cease to love Ganimede, I would resolve to like Montanus." "What, if I can with reason perswade Phœbe to mislike of Ganimede, wil she then favour Montanus?" "When reason" (quoth she) "doth quench that love that I doe owe to thee, then will I fancie him; conditionally, that if my love can bee supprest with no reason, as being without reason, Ganimede will onely wed himselfe to Phœbe." "I graunt it, faire shepheardesse," quoth he; "and to feed thee with the sweetnesse of hope, this resolve on: I wil never marry my selfe to woman but unto thy selfe." . . . Ganimede tooke his leave of Phœbe and departed, leaving her a contented woman, and Montanus highly pleased. . . . As she came on the plaines, shee might espy where Rosader and Saladyne sat with Aliena under the shade; which sight was a salve to her griefe, and such a cordiall unto her heart, that she tript alongst the Lawnes full of joy.

At last Coridon who was with them spied Ganimede, and with that the Clown rose, and running to meet him cried, "Oh sirha, a match, a match, our Mistres shalbe married on Sunday." Thus the poor peasant frolict it before Ganimede, who comming to the crue saluted them all, and especially Rosader, saying that he was glad to see him so wel recovered of his wounds.

"I had not gone abroad so soone," quoth Rosader, "but that I am bidden to a marriage, which, on Sunday next, must bee solemnized betweene my brother and Aliena. I see well where Love leads, delay is loathsome, and that small wooing serves, where both the parties are willing." "Truth," quoth Ganimede; "but what a happy day

should it be, if Rosader that day might be married to Rosalynd." "Ah, good Ganimede," quoth he, "by naming Rosalynd, renue not my sorrowes; for the thought of her perfections is the thrall of my miseries." "Tush, bee of good cheare, man," quoth Ganimede: "I have a friend that is deeply experienst in Negromancy and Magicke; what art can do shall be acted for thine advantage. I wil cause him to bring in Rosalynde, if either France or any bordring nation harbour her; and upon that take the faith of a younge shepheard." . . .

In these humors the weeke went away, that at last Sunday came. No sooner did Phœbus Hench-man appeare in the skie, to give warning that his maisters horses should be trapt in his glorious coach, but Coridon in his holiday sute marvellous seemely, in a russet jacket welted with the same, and faced with red worsted, having a paire of blue chamblet sleeves, bound at the wrests with foure yeolow laces, closed afore very richly with a dosen of pewter buttons; his hose was of gray karsie, with a large sloppe bard overthwart the pocket holes with three faire gards, sticht of either side with red threed, . . . and for to bewtifie his hose, he had trust himselfe round with a dosen of new thredden points of medley colour: his bonnet was greene wheron stood a copper brooch with the picture of Saint Denis; and to want nothing that might make him amorous in his old dayes, hee had a faire shyrt band of fine lockeram, whipt over with Coventry blew of no small cost. Thus attired, Coridon bestird himselfe as chiefe stickler in these actions, and had strowed al the house with flowers, that it seemed rather some of Floraes choyce bowers, than any country cottage.

Thither repaired Phœbe with all the maides of the Forrest, to set out the bride in the most seemliest sort that might bee; but howsoever she helpt to prancke out Aliena, yet her eye was still on Ganimede, who was so neat in a sute of gray, that he seemed Endymion when he won Luna with his looks. . . . Ganimede like a prettie Page waited on his mistresse Aliena, and overlookt that all was in a readines against the bridegroom should come. Who attired in a Forresters sute came accompanied with Gerismond and his brother Rosader early in the morning, where arrived, they were solemnly entertained by Aliena and the rest of the country swains. . . . Ganimede comming in and seeing her father began to blush, Nature woorking affects by her secret effectes: scarce could she abstain from

teares to see her father in so low fortunes: he that was wont to sit in his royall Pallaice, attended on by twelve noble Peeres, now to be contented with a simple Cottage, and a troupe of revelling woodmen for his traine. . . . As thus the King with his Foresters frolickt it among the shepheards, Coridon came in with a faire mazer full of Sidar, and presented it to Gerismond with such a clownish salute, that he began to smile, and tooke it of the old shepheard very kindly, drinking to Aliena and the rest of her faire maydes, amongst whome Phœbe was the formost. . . . As they were thus drinking and ready to go to Church, came in Montanus, apparalled all in tawny, to signifie that he was forsaken: on his head hee wore a garland of willow, his bottle hanged by his side whereon was painted dispaire, and on his sheephooke hung two Sonnets, as labels of his loves and fortunes. Assoone as the Shepheards sawe him, they did him all the honor they could, as being the flower of all the swaines in Arden; for a bonnier boy was there not seen since the wanton wag of Troy that kept sheep in Ida. He seeing the King, and gessyng it to be Gerismond, did him all the reverence his country curtesie could afford. . . . The king was desirous to see Phœbe, who being broght before Gerismond by Rosader, shadowed the beauty of her face with such a vermillion teinture, that the Kings eyes began to dazle at the puritie of her excellence. . . .

Gerismond, desirous to prosecute the ende of these passions, called in Ganimede, who, knowing the case, came in graced with such a blush, as beautified the Christall of his face with a ruddie brightness. The King noting well the phisnomy of Ganimede, began by his favour to cal to mind the face of his Rosalynd, and with that fetcht a deepe sigh. Rosader, that was passing familiar with Gerismond, demanded of him why he sighed so sore? "Because, Rosader" (quoth hee) "the favour of Ganimede puts mee in minde of Rosalynde." At this word Rosader sighed so deeply, as though his heart would have burst. "And whats the matter," quoth Gerismond, "that you quite mee with such a sigh?" "Pardon me, sir," quoth Rosader, "because I love none but Rosalynd." "And upon that condition," quoth Gerismond, "that Rosalynd were here, I would this day make up a marriage betwixt her and thee." At this Aliena turnd her head and smilde upon Ganimede, and shee could scarce keep countenance. Yet shee salved all with secrecie; and

Gerismond, to drive away his dumpes, questioned with Ganimede, what the reason was he regarded not Phœbes love, seeing she was as faire as the wanton that brought Troy to ruine. Ganimede mildly answered, "If I shuld affect the faire Phœbe, I should offer poore Montanus great wrong to winne that from him in a moment, that hee hath labored for so many monthes. Yet have I promised to the bewtiful shepheardesse to wed my selfe never to woman except unto her; but with this promise, that if I can by reason suppress Phœbes love towards me, she shall like of none but of Montanus." "To that," quoth Phœbe, "I stand; for my love is so far beyond reason, as wil admit no persuasion of reason." "For justice," quoth he, "I appeale to Gerismond:" "and to his censure wil I stand," quoth Phœbe. "And in your victory," quoth Montanus, "stands the hazard of my fortunes, for if Ganimede go away with conquest, Montanus is in conceit loves monarch: if Phœbe winne, then am I in effect most miserable." "We wil see this controversie," quoth Gerismond, "and then we will to church: therefore, Ganimede, let us heare your argument." "Nay, pardon my absence a while," quoth shee, "and you shall see one in store."

In went Ganimede and drest her self in womans attire, having on a gowne of greene, with a kirtle of rich sandall, so quaint, that she seemed Diana triumphing in the Forrest: upon her head she wore a chaplet of Roses, which gave her such a grace that she looked like Flora pearkt in the pride of all her floures. Thus attired came Rosalind in, and presented hir self at hir fathers feete, with her eyes full of teares, craving his blessing, and discoursing unto him all her fortunes, how shee was banished by Torismond, and how ever since she lived in that country disguised.

Gerismond seeing his daughter, rose from his seat and fel upon her necke. . . . At this sight, if Rosader was both amazed and joyfull, I refer my selfe to the judgement of such as have experience in love. . . . At last Gerismond . . . in most fatherly tearmes entertained his daughter Rosalynd, after many questions demanding of her what had past betweene her and Rosader. "So much, sir" (quoth she) "as there wants nothing but your Grace to make up the mariage." "Why then" (quoth Gerismond) "Rosader, take her, shee is thine, and let this day solemnize both thy brothers and thy nuptials." Rosader beyond measure content, humbly thanked the

king, and imbraced his Rosalynde, who turning to Phœbe, demanded if she had shewen sufficient reason to suppress the force of her loves. "Yea," quoth Phœbe, "and so great a perswasive, that if it please you, Madame, and Aliena to give us leave, Montanus and I will make this day the third couple in marriage." She had no sooner spake this word, but Montanus threw away his garland of willow, his bottle, where was painted dispaire, and cast his sonnets in the fire, shewing himselfe as frolicke as Paris when he hanseled his love with Helena. . . . Aliena seeing Saladyne stande in a dumpe, to wake him from his dreame began thus. . . . "Cheare up thy hart, man, for this day thou shalt bee married to the daughter of a King; for know, Saladyne, I am not Aliena, but Alinda." . . . Whiles every one was amazed with these Comicall events, Coridon came skipping in, and told them that the priest was at Church, and tarried for their comming. With that Gerismond led the way, and the rest followed; where to the admiration of all the countrey swains in Arden, their mariages were solemnly solemnized. As soone as the Priest had finished, home they went with Alinda, where Coridon had made all things in readines. Dinner was provided, and the tables being spread, and the Brides set downe by Gerismond, Rosader, Saladyne, and Montanus that day were servitors: homely cheare they had, such as their country could affoord: but to mend their fare they had mickle good chat, and many discourses of their loves and fortunes. . . . As they were in the midst of their jollitie, word was brought in to Saladyne and Rosader that a brother of theirs, one Fernandine was arived, and desired to speake with them. . . . Fernandine, as one that knew as many maners, as he could points of sophistry, and was as well brought up as well lettered, saluted them all. But when he espied Gerismond, kneeling on his knee, he did him what reverence belonged to his estate: and with that burst forth into these speeches. "Although (right mighty Prince) this day of my brothers marriage be a day of mirth, yet time craves another course: and therefore from dantie cates rise to sharpe weapons. And you the sonnes of Sir John of Bourdeaux, leave off your amors, and fal to arms, change your loves into lances, and now this day shew your selves valiant, as hitherto you have been passionate. For know, Gerismond, that harde by at the edge of this forrest the twelve peeres of France are up in armes to recover thy

right; and Torismond troupt with a crue of desperate runnagates is ready to bid them battaile." . . . At this alarum . . . Gerismond leapt from the boord, and Saladyne and Rosader betooke themselves to their weapons. . . . Thus they leave the Brides full of sorrow, and especially Alinda, who desired Gerismond to be good to her Father. . . . To be short, the Peers were conquerors, Torismonds army put to flight, and himselfe slain in battaile. . . . Gerismond made a royal feaste for the Peers and Lords of the Land, which continued thirtie dayes, in which time summoning a parliament, by the consent of his nobles, he created Rosader heire apparant to the kingdome, hee restored Saladyne to all his fathers Land, and gave him the Dukedome of Nameurs, he made Fernandine principall secretarie to him selfe; and that Fortune might every way seeme frolicke, he made Montanus Lord over all the Forrest of Arden, Adam Spencer Captaine of the Kings Gard, and Coridon maister of Alindas flocks.

III. STRUCTURE.

Rosalynde has known hardly a better fortune than the other works of its too versatile author, blamed even by his touch-and-go contemporaries

“for his oare in every paper boate.”

Its butterfly reign of fashion was long since over. To the nineteenth century it is but tedious nonsense, heavy as the “dumps” of the love-lorn princesses, empty as their “bagge and bottles” after dinner, faded as Montanus’s “willow garland,” while *As You Like It* laughs at oblivion. Yet the queer, sentimental, artificial old romance keeps still for the indulgent reader a perfume of lavender, a lingering, reminiscent charm. It is a pattern woven in stiff tapestry, with a thread of Elizabethan gold running through it, — a pattern of conventional Arcadian figures grouped with flocks and pipes and sheep-hooks about a fountain “Christalline and

cleere," or under shade of "Cipresse trees," or "Lymons" or "Cytrons," pine or beech or "figge," "Olive" or "Pomegranade" or "Mir," as the irresponsible silks may determine. Nature holds no dominion here. The speech of these tapestried personages is as unreal as their setting,—a language stamped in quaint devices at the bygone Euphuistic mint, counterfeit coin to-day, good not even for the exchange of "a few luke warme teares." The dolorous sonnets of Montanus, elegant as Rosader's, move us less than his tawny suit, "to signifie that he was forsaken," and his bottle "whereon was painted dispaire." The languishing Phœbe's classic parallels, more fluent than Aliena's, are as ridiculously out of date as out of character. There is too much of everything, from the death-bed counsels of Sir John to the wedding finery of old Coridon. But what a good preluding touch in the dying Nestor's warning against Love!—"Cupids wings are plumed with the feathers of vanitie." And what an irresistible Coridon he is, "in his holiday sute marvellous seemely," with his "faire mazer full of Sidar" and his clownish salute to the king! The elder Shakespeare, more and more in love with life, less and less controlled by literary convention, the Shakespeare who dared tint with true Warwickshire russet his inimitable sheep-shearing feast in Bohemia, would, we believe, have followed his leader here, and crowned the beauty of these Arden scenes by a sunshiny sylvan bridal. He would have known how to vivify Lodge's country portraiture and yet tone it into the lights of idyllic romance. The pen that harmonized Perdita with Autolycus could have set Rosalind's nuptials among the "troupe of revelling woodmen." Better old Corin in green bonnet and gray "karsie" hose, his "blue chamblet sleeves bound at the wrests with foure yeolow laces,

closed afore very richly with a dosen of pewter buttons," — a bustling, gleeful old Corin, strewing "al the house with flowers," making ready the "homely cheare" and "skipping in" at the climax of the *dénoûment* to hurry the wedding-party off to church, than this unsubstantial, stagey Hymen, with his solemn fib about bringing Rosalind "from Heaven."

It is certainly true that for all the preposterous make-believe of the young sailor's pastoral, all its tiresome excess of "love's foolish lazy languishment," it sparkles here and there with the salt spray. A dash of exuberance, a note of realism, something bright and breezy, may be detected every now and then, although these qualities are far from obtrusive. Rosader's ingenuous resort to athletics to cure his wounded heart, attempting "by continuall exercise" to outwalk "the lively image of Rosalynde;" the unashamed relish of all these open-air lovers for "cates" and "junktets" and "red Deer;" the instantaneous energy with which even the picturesque "martyr," Montanus, at a word from Phœbe bounds from his melancholy pose, and flings his woful sonnets into the fire, — here, as that "gorgeous Nymph" would say, are sips "of the same sauce" that is delicious in Chaucer or in Kipling.

Shakespeare, at all events, liked the story well enough to dramatize it. He was the feeder of the stage, whose disreputable service Lodge had forsworn. Chafe under the "brand" though Shakespeare might and did, it was his life-task to use his "pen for pennie-knaves delight." Carelessly enough, apparently, he picked up this strip of sea-timber, painted over with its pretty row of prim, pastoral groups, and whittled it into a play, shaped, for all the world, like Cupid's bow.

There is the golden arch formed by the loves of Rosalind

and Orlando, and beneath, a lesser rainbow, the reflected loves of Celia and Oliver. Within these, like a greenwood bough, curves the shepherd idyl of Silvius and Phebe; and, finally, in parody of this triple bow of Cupid, springs the earth-born, earth-returning courtship of Touchstone and his Audrey. This last, with the attendant personages of William and Sir Oliver Martext, is Shakespeare's own creation. His, too, is the melancholy Jaques, lending a shade of worldly cynicism to the else over-romantic atmosphere of Arden, which environs these four concentric arches of love-action, — an atmosphere further tempered by the philosophic wisdom of the Duke, and mellowed to richer beauty yet by songful pages and sympathetic lords. The minor characters that Shakespeare takes over from the novel are strictly subordinated to this quadruple scheme. The individuality of Corin is merged in his dramatic service. Adam, whose aged figure is chiefly valuable as setting off the bright youth of his companion, is denied his flow of Euphuistic eloquence, and reduced to the *rôle* of a faithful old retainer. The usurper, Frederick, is of little account save to set the ball rolling toward Arden, where the drama plays itself out. With that world outside the forest Shakespeare has as little to do as may be. Lodge's eight-page narrative of Sir John's dying counsels is condensed into Orlando's opening speech to Adam. The tournament is rejected, with the scenes of violence in the banquet-hall and at the gates, and the story of Oliver's imprisonment. Even within the leafy bounds of Arden, while Shakespeare gives full scope to Rosalind and Orlando, Oliver's wooing of Celia, equally important in Lodge's romance, is ruthlessly cut out, and the situation between Silvius and Phebe developed with comparative brevity.

In short, Shakespeare's use of his material is marked by a sense of dramatic economy, movement, proportion, and climax. The novel may be lavish, but drama admits of no waste edges. Eclogue, description, rhetoric, must go. The novel meanders. The play, except for Touchstone's inopportune fooling about the verbal preliminaries of the duello, flows briskly on. Soliloquies give place to rapid dialogue. So elaborate an episode as the adventure with the lion is left to the hurried recital of a messenger. So stirring a scene as the rescue from the robbers is omitted altogether. All the lovers have their rights of love-making amply respected in the novel. Rosalind rules the play. Everything exists for her or through her. Arden is created for her background. No longer a page, but a brother, she takes the lead in every enterprise. All other wooings are subordinate to hers, and, indeed, find place only as they emphasize hers by reflection, complication, or mockery. Lodge follows the wedding by a battle. Shakespeare leaves the shining presence of Rosalind in possession of the forest stage.

The comedy plot is symmetrical. Attention is first focussed on Orlando, then on Rosalind, then on their sudden love. Between love and marriage the drama spins its old, accustomed web. Hero and heroine have met, loved, and parted. The problem is to bring them together at the altar. As a beginning, they must needs be separated as hopelessly as possible. Rosalind is banished from the kingdom before the close of the first act, Celia and Touchstone escaping in her company. The second act brings the fugitives to Arden, whither Orlando is shortly after driven by the malice

“Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.”

The presence of both lovers in the forest, although each remains unaware of the other's proximity, looks already toward a solution of the dramatic puzzle. The third act starts forth Oliver on the Arden road, and, after assuring Rosalind through the palm-tree poesy of Orlando's continued devotion, sets him, chestnut hair and "little beard" and all, before her dancing eyes; but "that unfortunate he," with vision blurred by the glamour of Arden no less than cheated by umber and curtle-axe, beholds merely a comely lad. The playwright's task is half accomplished, and only half. An embarrassment still exists. "Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?" Meanwhile, Touchstone has met his homely destiny, though the drama does not disdain to thwart the course even of such love as his by the discomfiture of the hedge-priest; and Phebe has tangled the comedy threads still more by losing her heart to the "swashing and martial outside" of the masquerading princess. The fourth act enables Rosalind, taking full advantage of her disguise, at once to tease and test her lover, thickens the Phebe complication, and brings Oliver into Arden, whose holy influences, culminating for him in Celia's soft rebuke, achieve in that unnatural breast a speedy change of heart. In the concluding act, Rosalind gathers all these criss-cross threads, silken and homespun, into her sprightly hands, and knits the fourfold marriage knot. Hymen has his own at last, and the function of comedy is over.

Another point of view only reveals afresh the symmetry of the play. Hate — in the one case the jealous rage of Frederick, in the other the murderous purpose of Oliver — gives rise to the dramatic complication, which is resolved by love. For love's sake Celia faces hardship and peril, and Adam sacrifices his "thrifty hire." Love is the true Touchstone that tries

each heart and awards to each such bliss as it may merit. It discovers in the chastened Duke the philanthropist, in the sentimental Jaques the egoist. For all who truly love

“Sweet are the uses of adversity.”

Orlando's faith is proven. Oliver's spirit is transformed. To the Duke's loyal followers are restored their lands, with new wisdom to enrich possession. No longer may Amiens sing unto the green holly his disproved strain,

“Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.”

IV. TREATMENT.

The vital difference, after all, between *As You Like It* and *Rosalynde* is not in structure, but in tone. The most amusing passages of the romance to-day are those which were meant to be most seriously impressive. Coridon's Latin, the wry faces and rueful verses of Montanus, Adam's railings on Fortune, Rosader's "volley of sighes," all the "amorous prattle," the "dumps" and the "passionings" rub the modern reader the wrong way. The excessive ornament of the style blurs the sense. We cannot see Rosalind's face for Luna, Nature, the Graces, Venus, Diana, and Apollo, who are all paraded forth to illustrate its several beauties. We miss the sight and scent of blossoms in reading how "the ground where they saté was diapred with Floras riches, as if she ment to wrap Tellus in the glorie of her vestments." The situations, moreover, are grotesquely impossible. In moments of utter exhaustion or imminent peril, Lodge compels his puppets to deliver long and flowery harangues, as Adam, when fainting from hunger and

fatigue, and Orlando, while the lion crouches for the spring on Oliver. Under no stress of anguish can any one of these talking dolls refrain from classic allusion, alliteration, comparison, antithesis, parallelism, apostrophe, aphorism. Sir John "with death in his looks," Rosalind smitten with the love-dart, Alinda on her knees before a furious father, Phœbe "extreme sicke," all twirl the same Euphuistic toys of speech, "as children doo their Rattles."

We have ceased to be amazed at Shakespeare's power, almost divine, of breathing the breath of life into mere clay images, but one is conscious of a fresh wonder, in leaving *Rosalynde* for *As You Like It*, how the author of the second, writing so closely from the first, escaped its vices of style. Clearly Shakespeare was on his guard, keenly alive to the dangers of the literary habit in general, and the insincerities of the pastoral fashion in particular. "I do not know what 'poetical' is," says Audrey; "is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?"

There is safety in numbers. Love in Arden walks between wit and wisdom. It is, moreover, protected from sugary excess by the saving grace of Rosalind's disguise. At their first meeting, his passion hangs weights upon Orlando's tongue. In the wedding hour, the words of the lovers, each to each, are brief and simple, —

"To you I give myself, for I am yours."

"If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind."

The intervening scenes of courtship have a surface of banter, a roguishness and risk all-delightful; and when, now and again, the truth of longing or apprehension flashes forth, these revelations, because "they seldom come," do "wished-for

come," and please us as "rare accidents." Orlando, like the gentleman he is, has an instinct of reticence in love. He does not bemoan his plight to Le Beau, Adam, or the banished lords. His only confidants are the forest trees; but these keep his secret so ill as to expose him to the mocking curiosity of Jaques, which he evades with pardonable rudeness, and to the irresistible wiles of a certain "saucy lackey," who "plays the knave with him." First staying his retreating steps by calling after him to ask the hour, next making her question the occasion for lively and engaging chat, in due time arresting his interest in this "pretty youth," then adroitly turning the conversation upon woman, and thence upon the "fancy-monger" of the forest, and finally, by alternate scepticism and sympathy, coaxing out his full confession and his promise to try the virtue of her boasted cure, Rosalind ("Cupid have mercy!") proves herself well schooled by that magician "most profound in his art and yet not damnable."

It is the charm of Shakespeare's lovers that they do not insist on our taking them too seriously. "Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love." Touchstone invites us cordially to laugh at him and Audrey; Rosalind takes the lead in merry ridicule of the instantaneous flame of Oliver and Celia; and Rosalind, again, will not have any pathos about Phebe's misplaced affections, but "sauces her with bitter words." Shakespeare even sees to it that the "tame snake," Silvius, does not weary us. His rhapsodies are overheard by chance, and promptly mocked in the reminiscences of Touchstone, who is equally ready to gibe at Orlando's poetry. But no one may scoff at Rosalind's love save herself. This includes Celia, for Celia and Rosalind are one. Shall they "be sunder'd"? Laughing, crying, blushing,

pouting, Rosalind declares her love in denying it, but only to Celia and herself; and Celia, for her part, after sisterly warnings and checks have failed, veils her sympathy in badinage. Wit takes the place of sentiment. It is all natural, wholesome, blithe. The lyric element is simply and sweetly introduced. A courteous lord, a forester, or a pair of pages, carol in the greenwood, subject to the chaff of Jaques or Touchstone. If there is sadness in the songs, this, too, would hide itself under cover of jollity.

Thus shielded on every side from mawkishness, love becomes poetic. The forest of Arden is its earthly paradise. This is the realm of enchantment, — essential, not superficial. Phebe has “a leathern hand,” but the conversion of Oliver “sweetly tastes,” and, on reaching the very “skirts of this wild wood,” Duke Frederick is persuaded to “put on a religious life.” We accept even the ease with which, under

“The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream,”

Orlando’s pardoned brother wins the tender heart he in no wise merits. The only laws of this “golden world” are “love at first sight” and “kindness, nobler ever than revenge.” This witchery of Arden has various manifestations. As soon as its sunbeams flicker through the oak-leaves down upon his cap and bells, the wit of Touchstone brightens till we hardly recognize in our sylvan satirist the “roynish clown” of the opening act. His quips are blunted, it is true, against the rustic shrewdness of Corin, much as Jaques finds himself “very wisely” answered by the “motley fool.” Everything in Arden, passion or poem, folly or philosophy, has its burlesque close at hand. Court mocks country, and country, court. The spirit of humor possesses all the place, and will not suffer us to rest in any partial view of life, however idyllic.

The literary style, with the dread of Euphuism before it, is somewhat curiously delivered from temptation. The play is about half prose, and tart, crisp, vivacious prose at that, in Shakespeare's most rapid and sententious manner. Rosalind commonly speaks in prose, both with Celia and Orlando, and when she uses verse with Phebe, it is only to whip her with nettles. Phebe's finest passage in verse is a denial of her actual feelings. Both damsels pour contempt on the would-be poetical shepherd, who follows his inky-browed mistress

“Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain,”

and incurs the sharp rebuke of common-sense by talking of the murder in her eye, —

“’Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!”

Beyond such concession to poor Silvius, and a certain regard for dignitaries, verse serves in the drama, as a rule, for the continuous narratives, as Oliver's and that of the second brother, and especially for grave reflections on life, as couched in the moralizing speeches of Jaques and the Duke. The poetry of these latter passages is, however, so rich in stately music that it imparts elevation and dignity to one's recollection of the play at large. “All the world's a stage” is Fame's favorite, mouthed on platforms, volumed in libraries, pictured in galleries, stained in glass; but more characteristic of the prevailing tone of *As You Like It* are the tranquil musings of the Duke.

“Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.”

This quietness and sweetness tincture all the play. Shakespeare has touched Lodge's Rosalind, "a Diamond, bright, but not hard," to tenderer issues. Lodge gave to the rose glow and prickles. Shakespeare deepens the first, multiplies the second, and adds the soul of fragrance. Even outside the bounds of Arden, our poet hushes the noise of violence. Orlando handles his brother less roughly; the old man's sons at the wrestling-match are merely injured, not killed outright; instead of strife and tumult at Oliver's gates, we have the bowed figure of the devoted old servant, pleading to share his young master's misfortunes. And once over the enchanted border, the beauty of meekness is a lesson quickly learned,—

"Let gentleness my strong enforcement be."

Shakespeare is himself the gentlest of presiding deities. Adam is not suffered to "die for lack of a dinner;" Sir Oliver Martext is not flouted out of his calling; Rosalind's frown does not kill a fly; Frederick is not slain in battle, but becomes a convertite most diverting to the melancholy Jaques. The very spirit of gentleness is incarnate in Celia, the violet beside the rose, so fitly housed in

"A sheepcote fenced about with olive trees."

No wonder that Lodge's band of robbers find no entrance into this Arden,—serenest of forest-pictures, emerald leafage flecked with sunshine, with here and there a gleam of white fleeces or flutter of bright garments. Its sounds are of the softest,—murmuring brooks, blowing leaves, sobbing deer, sighing lovers, song, and girlish laughter. Its fiercest and vilest forms of life have an Arden quality. "The suck'd and hungry lioness" will "prey on nothing that doth seem as

dead," the nimble-headed snake is green and gilded, and surely here, if nowhere else in all geography,

"the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

The Arden life is one of hunting the deer, keeping sheep, fetching up the goats, carving poems on the barks of trees, feasting, jesting, singing, playing at courtship, sighing in a shadow, and lying under the greenwood tree. That this life, nevertheless, impresses us as full of stir and movement, is a part of the paradox of the play, — that paradox most obvious in the melancholy Jaques, who weeps for sympathy beside

"the poor sequester'd stag . . .
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends,"

and dries his tears for a banquet of venison. But paradox is everywhere, — in this delectable playground, which is none the less

"a desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs;"

in the Shakespearian bewilderment of time, years masquerading as days, and days as years, until we are compelled to say with Orlando, "There's no clock in the forest;" and chiefly in the central motif, the passion of love itself, most tricky when most true, never too ideal to cast an absurd shadow.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE, living in exile.

FREDERICK, his usurping brother.

AMIENS, } Lords attending on the ban-
JAQUES, } ished Duke.

LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon
Frederick.

CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.

OLIVER, }
JAQUES, } Sons of Sir Rowland de
ORLANDO, } Boys.

ADAM, } servants to Oliver.
DENNIS, }

TOUCHSTONE, a clown.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.

CORIN, }
SILVIUS, } shepherds.

WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love
with Audrey.

HYMEN.

ROSALIND, daughter to the banished
Duke.

CELIA, daughter to Frederick.

PHEBE, a shepherdess.

AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords, pages, foresters, and other attendants.

SCENE: *Oliver's House, Duke Frederick's Court, and the Forest of Arden.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Orchard of OLIVER'S House.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

ORLANDO. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion: bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps

me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

ADAM. Yonder comes my master, your brother. 24

ORLANDO. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. [ADAM retires.]

Enter OLIVER.

OLIVER. Now, sir! what make you here?

ORLANDO. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

OLIVER. What mar you then, sir? 30

ORLANDO. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

OLIVER. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught a while.

ORLANDO. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

OLIVER. Know you where you are, sir?

ORLANDO. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

OLIVER. Know you before whom, sir? 41

ORLANDO. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence. 50

OLIVER. What, boy!

ORLANDO. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

OLIVER. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

ORLANDO. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast rail'd on thyself. 60

ADAM. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

OLIVER. Let me go, I say.

ORLANDO. I will not, till I please : you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education : you have train'd me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it : therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament ; with that I will go buy my fortunes. 72

OLIVER. And what wilt thou do ? beg, when that is spent ? Well, sir, get you in : I will not long be troubled with you ; you shall have some part of your will : I pray you, leave me.

ORLANDO. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

OLIVER. Get you with him, you old dog.

ADAM. Is *old dog* my reward ? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. — God be with my old master ! he would not have spoke such a word. 82

[*Exeunt* ORLANDO and ADAM.]

OLIVER. Is it even so ? begin you to grow upon me ? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. — Holla, Dennis !

Enter DENNIS.

DENNIS. Calls your worship ?

OLIVER. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me ?

DENNIS. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you. 90

OLIVER. Call him in. [*Exit DENNIS.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

CHARLES. Good morrow to your worship.

OLIVER. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

CHARLES. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander. 101

OLIVER. Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

CHARLES. O, no; for the Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, — being ever from their cradles bred together, — that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less belov'd of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

OLIVER. Where will the old Duke live? 110

CHARLES. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

OLIVER. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

CHARLES. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honor, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will. 130

OLIVER. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means labored to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life

by some indirect means or other ; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him ; but, should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder. 150

CHARLES. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment : if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more : and so, God keep your worship !

OLIVER. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit CHARLES.*] — Now will I stir this gamester : I hope I shall see an end of him ; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle ; never school'd, and yet learned ; full of noble device ; of all sorts enchantingly beloved ; and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprized. But it shall not be so long ; this wrestler shall clear all : nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither ; which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Lawn before the Duke's Palace.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

CELIA. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

ROSALIND. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of ; and would you yet I were merrier ?

Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure. 7

CELIA. Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

ROSALIND. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

CELIA. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honor, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry. 23

ROSALIND. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

CELIA. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honor come off again.

ROSALIND. What shall be our sport, then? 30

CELIA. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

ROSALIND. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

CELIA. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favoredly. 39

ROSALIND. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

CELIA. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

ROSALIND. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit. 49

CELIA. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. — How now, wit! whither wander you?

TOUCHSTONE. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

CELIA. Were you made the messenger?

TOUCHSTONE. No, by mine honor; but I was bid to come for you. 60

ROSALIND. Where learned you that oath, fool ?

TOUCHSTONE. Of a certain knight that swore by his honor they were good pancakes, and swore by his honor the mustard was naught : now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good ; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

CELIA. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge ?

ROSALIND. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

TOUCHSTONE. Stand you both forth now : stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave. 71

CELIA. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

TOUCHSTONE. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were ; but, if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn : no more was this knight, swearing by his honor, for he never had any ; or, if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

CELIA. Prithee, who is't that thou mean'st ?

TOUCHSTONE. One that old Frederick, your father, loves. 80

CELIA. My father's love is enough to honor him : enough ! speak no more of him ; you'll be whipp'd for taxation one of these days.

TOUCHSTONE. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

CELIA. By my troth, thou say'st true ; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter, in the distance, LE BEAU.

ROSALIND. With his mouth full of news. 90

CELIA. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

ROSALIND. Then shall we be news-crammed.

CELIA. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. — *Bon jour*, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

LE BEAU. Fair Princess, you have lost much good sport.

CELIA. Sport! of what color?

LE BEAU. What color, madam! how shall I answer you? 100

ROSALIND. As wit and fortune will.

TOUCHSTONE. Or as the Destinies decree.

CELIA. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

TOUCHSTONE. Nay, if I keep not my rank, —

ROSALIND. Thou lovest thy old smell.

LE BEAU. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

ROSALIND. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

LE BEAU. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it. 112

CELIA. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

LE BEAU. There comes an old man and his three sons, —

CELIA. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

LE BEAU. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

ROSALIND. With bills on their necks, *Be it known unto all men by these presents.* 120

LE BEAU. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

ROSALIND. Alas!

TOUCHSTONE. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost? 130

LE BEAU. Why, this that I speak of.

TOUCHSTONE. Thus men may grow wiser every day. It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

CELIA. Or I, I promise thee.

ROSALIND. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? — Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

LE BEAU. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it. 141

CELIA. Yonder, sure, they are coming. Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

DUKE FREDERICK. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

ROSALIND. Is yonder the man?

LE BEAU. Even he, madam.

CELIA. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

DUKE FREDERICK. How now, daughter, and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling? 151

ROSALIND. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

DUKE FREDERICK. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

CELIA. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

DUKE FREDERICK. Do so: I'll not be by.

LE BEAU. Monsieur the challenger, the Princess calls for you. 161

ORLANDO. I attend them with all respect and duty.

ROSALIND. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

ORLANDO. No, fair Princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth. 167

CELIA. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We

pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

ROSALIND. Do, young sir ; your reputation shall not therefore be misprized : we will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward. 177

ORLANDO. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial ; wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious ; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me ; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing ; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty. 187

ROSALIND. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

CELIA. And mine, to eke out hers.

ROSALIND. Fare you well : pray Heaven I be deceived in you !

CELIA. Your heart's desires be with you !

CHARLES. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth ?

ORLANDO. Ready, sir ; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

DUKE FREDERICK. You shall try but one fall. 198

CHARLES. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

ORLANDO. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mock'd me before: but come your ways.

ROSALIND. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

CELIA. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*Wrestle.*

ROSALIND. O excellent young man! 207

CELIA. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*Shout. CHARLES is thrown.*

DUKE FREDERICK. No more, no more.

ORLANDO. Yes, I beseech your Grace: I am not yet well breath'd.

DUKE FREDERICK. How dost thou, Charles?

LE BEAU. He cannot speak, my lord.

DUKE FREDERICK. Bear him away. — What is thy name, young man?

ORLANDO. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys. 218

DUKE FREDERICK. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honorable,

But I did find him still mine enemy:

Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,

Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:

I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke FREDERICK, train, and LE BEAU.*

CELIA. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

ORLANDO. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son, His youngest son; and would not change that calling,

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

229

ROSALIND. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

CELIA.

Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. — Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

ROSALIND.

Gentleman,

240

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*]

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means. —
Shall we go, coz?

CELIA.

Ay. — Fare you well, fair gentleman.

ORLANDO. Can I not say, I thank you? My better
parts

Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

ROSALIND. He calls us back: my pride fell with my
fortunes;

I'll ask him what he would. — Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

CELIA.

Will you go, coz?

250

ROSALIND. Have with you. — Fare you well.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*]

ORLANDO. What passion hangs these weights upon
my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!

Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

LE BEAU. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause and love,
Yet such is now the Duke's condition
That he misconstrues all that you have done. 260
The Duke is humorous: what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

ORLANDO. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me
this,

Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the wrestling?

LE BEAU. Neither his daughter, if we judge by
manners;

But yet, indeed, the lesser is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves 270
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,

Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues
And pity her for her good father's sake ;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well :
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you. 280
ORLANDO. I rest much bounden to you : fare you
well. [Exit LE BEAU.
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother ;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother : —
But heavenly Rosalind ! [Exit.

SCENE III. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

CELIA. Why, cousin ! why, Rosalind ; Cupid have mercy ! not a word ?

ROSALIND. Not one to throw at a dog.

CELIA. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs ; throw some of them at me ; come, lame me with reasons.

ROSALIND. Then there were two cousins laid up ; when the one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

CELIA. But is all this for your father ? 10

ROSALIND. No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briars is this working-day world !

CELIA. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee

in holiday foolery : if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

ROSALIND. I could shake them off my coat : these burs are in my heart.

CELIA. Hem them away.

ROSALIND. I would try, if I could cry *hem*, and have him. 20

CELIA. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

ROSALIND. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself !

CELIA. O, a good wish upon you ! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son ?

ROSALIND. The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly. 30

CELIA. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly ? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly ; yet I hate not Orlando.

ROSALIND. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

CELIA. Why should I not ? doth he not deserve well ?

Enter, in the distance, Duke FREDERICK, with Lords.

ROSALIND. Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

CELIA. With his eyes full of anger. 40

DUKE FREDERICK. Mistress, despatch you with your
safest haste

And get you from our court.

ROSALIND.

Me, uncle ?

DUKE FREDERICK.

You, cousin :

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found

So near our public court as twenty miles,

Thou diest for it.

ROSALIND.

I do beseech your Grace,

Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me :

If with myself I hold intelligence,

Or have acquaintance with mine own desires ;

If that I do not dream, or be not frantic, —

As I do trust I am not, — then, dear uncle,

50

Never so much as in a thought unborn

Did I offend your Highness.

DUKE FREDERICK.

Thus do all traitors :

If their purgation did consist in words,

They are as innocent as grace itself :

Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

ROSALIND. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a
traitor :

Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

DUKE FREDERICK. Thou art thy father's daughter ;
there's enough.

ROSALIND. So was I when your Highness took his
dukedom ;

So was I when your Highness banish'd him :

60

Treason is not inherited, my lord ;

Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me ? my father was no traitor :
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

CELIA. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

DUKE FREDERICK. Ay, Celia ; we stay'd her for your
sake,

Else had she with her father rang'd along.

CELIA. I did not then entreat to have her stay ;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse : 70
I was too young that time to value her ;
But now I know her : if she be a traitor,
Why, so am I ; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together ;
And, wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupl'd and inseparable.

DUKE FREDERICK. She is too subtle for thee ; and
her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool : she robs thee of thy name ; 80
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips :
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her : she is banish'd.

CELIA. Pronounce that sentence, then, on me, my liege :
I cannot live out of her company.

DUKE FREDERICK. You are a fool. — You, niece,
provide yourself :

If you outstay the time, upon mine honor,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke FREDERICK and Lords.*]

CELIA. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go? 90
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

ROSALIND. I have more cause.

CELIA. Thou hast not, cousin.
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the Duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

ROSALIND. That he hath not.

CELIA. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one: .
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly, 100
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

ROSALIND. Why, whither shall we go?

CELIA. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

ROSALIND. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold. 110

CELIA. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along,

And never stir assailants.

ROSALIND. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man ?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand ; and — in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will —
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside ; 120
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

CELIA. What shall I call thee when thou art a man ?

ROSALIND. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's
own page ;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.

But what will you be call'd ?

CELIA. Something that hath a reference to my state ;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

ROSALIND. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court ? 130
Would he not be a comfort to our travel ?

CELIA. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me ;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together ;
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content,
To liberty and not to banishment.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, and two or three Lords,
like foresters.*

DUKE SENIOR. Now, my co-mates and brothers in
exile,

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?

Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind, —
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,

This is no flattery: these are counsellors

10

That feelingly persuade me what I am.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
I would not change it.

AMIENS.

Happy is your Grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune

Into so quiet and so sweet a style. 20

DUKE SENIOR. Come, shall we go and kill us venison ?

And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

FIRST LORD. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along 30
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood :
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish ; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase ; and thus the hairy fool, 40
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

DUKE SENIOR. But what said Jaques ?
Did he not moralize this spectacle ?

FIRST LORD. O, yes, into a thousand similes.

First, for his weeping into the needless stream ;
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament*
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much : then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends, 50
'*Tis right*, quoth he ; *thus misery doth part*
The flux of company : anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him : *Ay*, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;
'*Tis just the fashion* : *wherefore do you look*
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life ; swearing that we 60
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

DUKE SENIOR. And did you leave him in this contemplation ?

SECOND LORD. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

DUKE SENIOR. Show me the place :
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

FIRST LORD. I'll bring you to him straight.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Palace.**Enter Duke FREDERICK, with Lords.*

DUKE FREDERICK. Can it be possible that no man
saw them ?

It cannot be : some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

FIRST LORD. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

SECOND LORD. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom
so oft

Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.

Hisperia, the Princess' gentlewoman,

10

Confesses that she secretly o'erheard

Your daughter and her cousin much commend

The parts and graces of the wrestler

That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles ;

And she believes, wherever they are gone,

That youth is surely in their company.

DUKE FREDERICK. Send to his brother ; fetch that
gallant hither ;

If he be absent, bring his brother to me ;

I'll make him find him : do this suddenly ;

And let not search and inquisition quail

20

To bring again these foolish runaways.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Before OLIVER'S House.**Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.*

ORLANDO. Who's there ?

ADAM. What, my young master ? O my gentle master !

O my sweet master ! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland ! why, what make you here ?
Why are you virtuous ? why do people love you ?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant ?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny prizer of the humorous Duke ?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men 10
Their graces serve them but as enemies ?
No more do yours : your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it !

ORLANDO. Why, what's the matter ?

ADAM. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors ! within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives :
Your brother — no, no brother ; yet the son —
Yet not the son, I will not call him son 20
Of him I was about to call his father —
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie

And you within it : if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place ; this house is but a butchery :
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

ORLANDO. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have
me go ?

ADAM. No matter whither, so you come not here. 30

ORLANDO. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg
my food ?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road ?
This I must do, or know not what to do :
Yet this I will not do, do how I can.
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

ADAM. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse 40
When service should in my old limbs lie lame
And unregarded age in corners thrown :
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age ! Here is the gold ;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant :
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo

The means of weakness and debility :
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you ;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

ORLANDO. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed !
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion, 60
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having : it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways ; we'll go along together ;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

ADAM. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty. — 70
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek ;
But at fourscore it is too late a week :
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter ROSALIND for GANYMEDE, CELIA for ALIENA,
and TOUCHSTONE.*

ROSALIND. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

TOUCHSTONE. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

ROSALIND. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore courage, good Aliena!

CELIA. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further. 10

TOUCHSTONE. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you: yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

ROSALIND. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

TOUCHSTONE. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I! when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

ROSALIND. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk. 20

CORIN. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

SILVIUS. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her !

CORIN. I partly guess ; for I have lov'd ere now.

SILVIUS. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow :
But if thy love were ever like to mine —
As sure I think did never man love so —
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy ? 30

CORIN. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

SILVIUS. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily !
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd :
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd :

Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me, 40
Thou hast not lov'd. — O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe ! [*Exit.*]

ROSALIND. Alas, poor shepherd ! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

TOUCHSTONE. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile : and I remember the kissing of her batler and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milk'd ; and I remem-

ber the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, *Wear these for my sake*. We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly. 53

ROSALIND. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art ware of.

TOUCHSTONE. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

ROSALIND. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

TOUCHSTONE. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

CELIA. I pray you, one of you question yond man 60
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

TOUCHSTONE. Holla, you clown!

ROSALIND. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

CORIN. Who calls?

TOUCHSTONE. Your betters, sir.

CORIN. Else are they very wretched.

ROSALIND. Peace, I say. — Good even to you, friend.

CORIN. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

ROSALIND. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd 70
And faints for succor.

CORIN. Fair sir, I pity her

And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her ;
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze :
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale ; and at our sheepecote now, 80
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on ; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

ROSALIND. What is he that shall buy his flock and
pasture ?

CORIN. That young swain that you saw here but ere-
while,
That little cares for buying any thing.

ROSALIND. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

CELIA. And we will mend thy wages. I like this
place, 90
And willingly could waste my time in it.

CORIN. Assuredly the thing is to be sold :
Go with me : if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Forest.**Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.*

SONG.

AMIENS. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither :
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

JAQUES. More, more, I prithee, more.

AMIENS. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques. 11

JAQUES. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

AMIENS. My voice is ragged : I know I cannot please you.

JAQUES. I do not desire you to please me ; I do desire you to sing. Come, more ; another stanza : call you 'em stanzas ?

AMIENS. What you will, Monsieur Jaques. 20

JAQUES. Nay, I care not for their names ; they owe me nothing. Will you sing ?

AMIENS. More at your request than to please myself.

JAQUES. Well, then, if ever I thank any man, I'll

thank you ; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing ; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

AMIENS. Well, I'll end the song. — Sirs, cover the while ; the Duke will drink under this tree. — He hath been all this day to look you. 32

JAQUES. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company. I think of as many matters as he, but I give Heaven thanks and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [*All together here.*
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets, 40
Come hither, come hither, come hither :
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

JAQUES. I'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

AMIENS. And I'll sing it.

JAQUES. Thus it goes :

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass, 50
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,

Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame :
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

AMIENS. What's that *ducdame*?

JAQUES. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt. 60

AMIENS. And I'll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepar'd. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE VI. *The Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

ADAM. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master. 3

ORLANDO. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end. I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor. Well said! thou look'st cheerly; and I'll be with thee quickly. — Yet thou liest in the bleak air:

come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The Forest.*

A table set out. Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, and Lords like outlaws.

DUKE SENIOR. I think he be transform'd into a beast;

For I can nowhere find him like a man.

FIRST LORD. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:

Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

DUKE SENIOR. If he, compact of jars, grow musical, We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.

Go, seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

FIRST LORD. He saves my labor by his own approach.

DUKE SENIOR. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company? 10

What, you look merrily!

JAQUES. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest, A motley fool; — a miserable world!

As I do live by food, I met a fool,

Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,

And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
Good morrow, fool, quoth I. No, sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.

And then he drew a dial from his poke, 20

And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says very wisely, *It is ten o'clock :*

Thus we may see, quoth he, how the world wags :

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine :

And after one hour more 'twill be eleven ;

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,

And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot ;

And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear

The motley fool thus moral on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer, 30

That fools should be so deep-contemplative ;

And I did laugh sans intermission

An hour by his dial. O noble fool !

A worthy fool ! Motley's the only wear.

DUKE SENIOR. What fool is this ?

JAQUES. O worthy fool ! One that hath been a
courtier,

And says, if ladies be but young and fair,

They have the gift to know it : and in his brain,

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit

After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd 40

With observation, the which he vents

In mangled forms. O that I were a fool !

I am ambitious for a motley coat.

DUKE SENIOR. Thou shalt have one.

JAQUES. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most galled with my folly, 50
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The *why* is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world, 60
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

DUKE SENIOR. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou
wouldst do.

JAQUES. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

DUKE SENIOR. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding
sin:

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all th' embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

JAQUES. Why, who cries out on pride, 70
That can therein tax any private party ?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's very means do ebb ?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders ?
Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbor ?
Or what is he of basest function
That says his bravery is not on my cost, 80
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech ?
There then ; how then ? what then ? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him : if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself ; if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here ?

Enter ORLANDO with his sword drawn.

ORLANDO. Forbear, and eat no more.

JAQUES. Why, I have eat none yet.

ORLANDO. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

JAQUES. Of what kind should this cock come of ? 90

DUKE SENIOR. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy
distress,

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty ?

ORLANDO. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny
point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

JAQUES. An you will not be answer'd with reason, I
must die. 100

DUKE SENIOR. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

ORLANDO. I almost die for food; and let me have it.

DUKE SENIOR. Sit down and feed, and welcome to
our table.

ORLANDO. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I
pray you:

I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs, 110
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:

In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

DUKE SENIOR. True is it that we have seen better days,

And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church, 120

And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd :

And therefore sit you down in gentleness,

And take upon command what help we have

That to your wanting may be minister'd.

ORLANDO. Then but forbear your food a little while,

Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn

And give it food. There is an old poor man,

Who after me hath many a weary step

Limp'd in pure love : till he be first suffic'd, 130

Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,

I will not touch a bit.

DUKE SENIOR. Go find him out,

And we will nothing waste till you return.

ORLANDO. I thank ye ; and be bless'd for your good
comfort ! [Exit.

DUKE SENIOR. Thou see'st we are not all alone un-
happy :

This wide and universal theatre

Presents more woful pageants than the scene

Wherein we play in.

JAQUES. All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players :

They have their exits and their entrances ; 140

And one man in his time plays many parts,

His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel, 150
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice, 160
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

DUKE SENIOR. Welcome. Set down your venerable
burden,
And let him feed.

ORLANDO. I thank you most for him.

ADAM.

So had you need:

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

DUKE SENIOR. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble

you

170

As yet, to question you about your fortunes.

Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

AMIENS. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,

Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly: 180

Then, heigh-ho, the holly!

This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,

That dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot:

Though thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend remember'd not.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! etc.

DUKE SENIOR. If that you were the good Sir Row-
land's son,

190

As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,

And as mine eye doth his effigies witness

Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That lov'd your father: the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand, 198
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and Attendants.

DUKE FREDERICK. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that
cannot be:

But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands, 10
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

OLIVER. O that your Highness knew my heart in
this!

I never lov'd my brother in my life.

DUKE FREDERICK. More villain thou. — Well, push him out of doors;

And let my officers of such a nature

Make an extent upon his house and lands :

Do this expediently and turn him going. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ORLANDO with a paper, which he hangs on a tree.

ORLANDO. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love :

And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.

O Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character ;

That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.

Run, run, Orlando ; carve on every tree

The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she. [Exit.

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

CORIN. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone ?

TOUCHSTONE. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life ; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very

well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humor well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

CORIN. No more but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

TOUCHSTONE. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd? 31

CORIN. No, truly.

TOUCHSTONE. Then thou art damn'd.

CORIN. Nay, I hope —

TOUCHSTONE. Truly, thou art damn'd like an ill-roasted egg all on one side.

CORIN. For not being at court? Your reason.

TOUCHSTONE. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd. 42

CORIN. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as

the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

TOUCHSTONE. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

CORIN. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy. 51

TOUCHSTONE. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

CORIN. Besides, our hands are hard.

TOUCHSTONE. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

CORIN. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfum'd with civet. 61

TOUCHSTONE. Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

CORIN. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

TOUCHSTONE. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw. 70

CORIN. Sir, I am a true laborer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm,

and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

TOUCHSTONE. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds ; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

CORIN. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother. 81

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.

ROSALIND. *From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.*

TOUCHSTONE. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted : it is the right butter-woman's rank to market. 92

ROSALIND. Out, fool !

TOUCHSTONE. For a taste :

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind. 100

They that reap must sheaf and bind ;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses : why do you infect yourself with them ?

ROSALIND. Peace, you dull fool ! I found them on a tree.

110

TOUCHSTONE. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

ROSALIND. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar : then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country ; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

TOUCHSTONE. You have said ; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, with a writing.

ROSALIND. Peace !

Here comes my sister, reading : stand aside.

CELIA. [*Reads.*]

*Why should this a desert be ?
For it is unpeopled ? No ;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show :
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span*

120

*Buckles in his sum of age ;
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend :
But upon the fairest boughs, 130
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write ;
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show:
Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarg'd :
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart, 140
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd,
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.*

ROSALIND. O most gentle Jupiter ! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, *Have patience, good people !* 152

CELIA. How now ! back, friends !— Shepherd, go off a little. Go with him, sirrah.

TOUCHSTONE. Come, shepherd, let us make an honor-

able retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt* CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.]

CELIA. Didst thou hear these verses?

ROSALIND. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear. 161

CELIA. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

ROSALIND. Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

CELIA. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees? 169

ROSALIND. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree. I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

CELIA. Trow you who hath done this?

ROSALIND. Is it a man?

CELIA. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you color?

ROSALIND. I prithee, who?

CELIA. O Lord, Lord! It is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter. 182

ROSALIND. Nay, but who is it?

CELIA. Is it possible ?

ROSALIND. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

CELIA. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful ! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping !

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ROSALIND. Good my complexion ! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition ? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery. I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings. Is he of God's making ? What manner of man ? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard ?

200

CELIA. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

ROSALIND. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful : let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

CELIA. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

ROSALIND. Nay, but the devil take mocking ! speak sad brow and true maid.

CELIA. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

ROSALIND. Orlando ?

210

CELIA. Orlando.

ROSALIND. Alas the day ! what shall I do with my

doublet and hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

CELIA. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism. 221

ROSALIND. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

CELIA. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

ROSALIND. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit. 230

CELIA. Give me audience, good madam.

ROSALIND. Proceed.

CELIA. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

ROSALIND. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

CELIA. Cry, *holla* to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

ROSALIND. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

CELIA. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune. 241

ROSALIND. Do you not know I am a woman ? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

CELIA. You bring me out. — Soft ! comes he not here.

Enter, in the distance, ORLANDO and JAQUES.

ROSALIND. 'Tis he : slink by, and note him.

[CELIA and ROSALIND retire.

JAQUES. I thank you for your company ; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

ORLANDO. And so had I ; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society. 249

JAQUES. God buy you ! let's meet as little as we can.

ORLANDO. I do desire we may be better strangers.

JAQUES. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

ORLANDO. I pray you, mar no moe of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

JAQUES. Rosalind is your love's name ?

ORLANDO. Yes, just.

JAQUES. I do not like her name.

ORLANDO. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd. 260

JAQUES. What stature is she of ?

ORLANDO. Just as high as my heart.

JAQUES. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings ?

ORLANDO. Not so ; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

JAQUES. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery. 271

ORLANDO. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

JAQUES. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

ORLANDO. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

JAQUES. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

ORLANDO. He is drown'd in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him. 280

JAQUES. There I shall see mine own figure.

ORLANDO. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

JAQUES. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

ORLANDO. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

[*Exit JAQUES. CELIA and ROSALIND come forward.*]

ROSALIND. [*Aside to CELIA.*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey and under that habit play the knave with him. — Do you hear, forester? 290

ORLANDO. Very well: what would you?

ROSALIND. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

ORLANDO. You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

ROSALIND. Then there is no true lover in the forest;

else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

ORLANDO. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper? 299

ROSALIND. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

ORLANDO. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

ROSALIND. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

ORLANDO. Who ambles Time withal? 309

ROSALIND. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: these Time ambles withal.

ORLANDO. Who doth he gallop withal?

ROSALIND. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

ORLANDO. Who stays it still withal? 320

ROSALIND. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term and then they perceive not how Time moves.

ORLANDO. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

ROSALIND. With this shepherdess, my sister ; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

ORLANDO. Are you native of this place ?

ROSALIND. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled. 329

ORLANDO. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

ROSALIND. I have been told so of many : but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man ; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it ; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

ORLANDO. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women ? 340

ROSALIND. There were none principal : they were all like one another as half-pence are ; every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

ORLANDO. I prithee, recount some of them.

ROSALIND. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving *Rosalind* on their barks ; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles ; all, forsooth, deifying the name of *Rosalind* : if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him. 352

ORLANDO. I am he that is so love-shak'd. I pray you, tell me your remedy.

ROSALIND. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

ORLANDO. What were his marks? 358

ROSALIND. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that; for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue; then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man: you are rather point-devise in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other. 369

ORLANDO. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

ROSALIND. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

ORLANDO. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he. 379

ROSALIND. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

ORLANDO. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

ROSALIND. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

ORLANDO. Did you ever cure any so? 390

ROSALIND. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this color; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cur'd him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

ORLANDO. I would not be cured, youth. 407

ROSALIND. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

ORLANDO. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

ROSALIND. Go with me to it and I'll show it you;

and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

ORLANDO. With all my heart, good youth.

ROSALIND. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. — Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JAQUES behind.

TOUCHSTONE. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

AUDREY. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

TOUCHSTONE. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

JAQUES. [*Aside.*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatch'd house! 10

TOUCHSTONE. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. — Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

AUDREY. I do not know what *poetical* is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

TOUCHSTONE. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and

what they swear in poetry may be said, as lovers, they do feign. 21

AUDREY. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

TOUCHSTONE. I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

AUDREY. Would you not have me honest?

TOUCHSTONE. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favor'd; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar. 30

JAQUES. [*Aside.*] A material fool!

AUDREY. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

TOUCHSTONE. Truly; and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

AUDREY. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul. 37

TOUCHSTONE. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

JAQUES. [*Aside.*] I would fain see this meeting.

AUDREY. Well, the gods give us joy! 45

TOUCHSTONE. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts.

But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, *many a man knows no end of his goods*: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honorable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. 60

Enter Sir OLIVER MARTEXT.

Here comes Sir Oliver. Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met. Will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT. Is there none here to give the woman?

TOUCHSTONE. I will not take her on gift of any man.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

JAQUES. [*Coming forward.*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her. 70

TOUCHSTONE. Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be cover'd.

JAQUES. Will you be married, Motley?

TOUCHSTONE. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

JAQUE. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel and, like green timber, warp, warp. 84

TOUCHSTONE. [*Aside.*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife. 89

JAQUES. Go thou with me and let me counsel thee.

TOUCHSTONE. Come, sweet Audrey: we must be married. Farewell, good Master Oliver: not, —

*O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee; —*

but,

*Wind away;
Be gone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.*

99

[*Exeunt JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY.*]

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The Forest. Before a Cottage.**Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

ROSALIND. Never talk to me ; I will weep.

CELIA. Do, I prithee ; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

ROSALIND. But have I not cause to weep ?

CELIA. As good cause as one would desire ; therefore weep.

ROSALIND. His very hair is of the dissembling color.

CELIA. Something browner than Judas's : marry, his kisses are Judas's own children. 10

ROSALIND. I' faith, his hair is of a good color.

CELIA. An excellent color : your chestnut was ever the only color.

ROSALIND. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

CELIA. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana : a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously ; the very ice of chastity is in them.

ROSALIND. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not ? 20

CELIA. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

ROSALIND. Do you think so ?

CELIA. Yes ; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer, but, for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

ROSALIND. Not true in love ?

CELIA. Yes, when he is in ; but I think he is not in.

ROSALIND. You have heard him swear downright he was. 29

CELIA. *Was* is not *is* : besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster ; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

ROSALIND. I met the Duke yesterday and had much question with him : he ask'd me of what parentage I was ; I told him, of as good as he ; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando ? 38

CELIA. O, that's a brave man ! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover ; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose : but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here ?

Enter CORIN.

CORIN. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Whom you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

CELIA. Well, and what of him ? 50

CORIN. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love

And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

ROSALIND. O, come, let us remove :
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

57

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE V. *The Forest.**Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.*

SILVIUS. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me ; do not,
Phebe :

Say that you love me not ; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon : will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops ?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind.

PHEBE. I would not be thy executioner :
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye :

10

'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers !

Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee: 20
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

SILVIUS. O dear Phébe,
If ever, — as that ever may be near, —
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible 30
That love's keen arrows make.

PHEBE. But till that time,
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As till that time, I shall not pity thee.

ROSALIND. [*Coming forward.*] And why, I pray
you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no
beauty, —
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed, —

Must you be therefore proud and pitiless? 40
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work: 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain? 50
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favor'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets: 60
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So, take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

PHEBE. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

ROSALIND. He's fallen in love with your foulness,
and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as

fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. — Why look you so upon me ?

PHEBE. For no ill will I bear you. 70

ROSALIND. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine :

Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.

Will you go, sister ? Shepherd, ply her hard. —

Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud : though all the world could see,

None could be so abus'd in sight as he. —

Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA and CORIN.*]

PHEBE. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of
might. 80

Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight ?

SILVIUS. Sweet Phebe, —

PHEBE. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius ?

SILVIUS. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

PHEBE. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

SILVIUS. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be :

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,

By giving love your sorrow and my grief

Were both extermin'd.

PHEBE. Thou hast my love : is not that neighborly ?

SILVIUS. I would have you.

PHEBE. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee ; 91

And yet it is not that I bear thee love :

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure ; and I'll employ thee too :
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

SILVIUS. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop 100
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps : loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

PHEBE. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me
erewhile ?

SILVIUS. Not very well, but I have met him oft
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.

PHEBE. Think not I love him, though I ask for him :
'Tis but a peevish boy ; yet he talks well ;
But what care I for words ? yet words do well 110
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth : not very pretty :
But, sure, he's proud ; and yet his pride becomes him :
He'll make a proper man : the best thing in him
Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall ; yet for his years he's tall :
His leg is but so-so ; and yet 'tis well :
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red 120

Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him : but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not ; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him :
For what had he to do to chide at me ?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black ;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me : 130
I marvel why I answer'd not again :
But that's all one ; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it ; wilt thou, Silvius ?

SILVIUS. Phebe, with all my heart.

PHEBE. I'll write it straight ;
The matter's in my head and in my heart :
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

JAQUES. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

ROSALIND. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

JAQUES. I am so ; I do love it better than laughing.

ROSALIND. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

JAQUES. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

ROSALIND. Why, then 'tis good to be a post. 9

JAQUES. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation ; nor the musician's, which is fantastical ; nor the courtier's, which is proud ; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious ; nor the lawyer's, which is politic ; nor the lady's, which is nice ; nor the lover's, which is all these : but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness. 19

ROSALIND. A traveller ! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad : I fear you have sold your own lands, to see other men's ; then, to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

JAQUES. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

ROSALIND. And your experience makes you sad : I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad ; and to travel for it too !

Enter ORLANDO.

ORLANDO. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind !

JAQUES. Nay, then, God buy you, an you talk in blank-verse ! 30

ROSALIND. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller : look you lisp and wear strange suits ; disable all the benefits of your own country ; be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. [Exit JAQUES.]

Why, how now, Orlando ! where have you been all this while ? You a lover ! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

ORLANDO. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise. 41

ROSALIND. Break an hour's promise in love ! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapp'd him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

ORLANDO. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

ROSALIND. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight : I had as lief be woo'd of a snail. 50

ORLANDO. Of a snail ?

ROSALIND. Ay, of a snail ; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head ; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman ; besides, he brings his destiny with him.

ORLANDO. What's that ?

ROSALIND. Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for : but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

ORLANDO. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous. 61

ROSALIND. And I am your Rosalind.

CELIA. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

ROSALIND. Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humor and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

ORLANDO. I would kiss before I spoke. 69

ROSALIND. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking — God warn us! — matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

ORLANDO. How if the kiss be denied?

ROSALIND. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

ORLANDO. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress? 79

ROSALIND. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

ORLANDO. What, of my suit?

ROSALIND. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

ORLANDO. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

ROSALIND. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

ORLANDO. Then, in mine own person, I die. 90

ROSALIND. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have liv'd many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was — Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love. 104

ORLANDO. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

ROSALIND. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

ORLANDO. Then love me, Rosalind. 110

ROSALIND. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

ORLANDO. And wilt thou have me?

ROSALIND. Ay, and twenty such.

ORLANDO. What sayest thou?

ROSALIND. Are you not good?

ORLANDO. I hope so.

ROSALIND. Why, then, can one desire too much of a

good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister? 121

ORLANDO. Pray thee, marry us.

CELIA. I cannot say the words.

ROSALIND. You must begin, *Will you, Orlando*, —

CELIA. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

ORLANDO. I will.

ROSALIND. Ay, but when?

ORLANDO. Why, now; as fast as she can marry us.

ROSALIND. Then you must say, *I take thee, Rosalind, for wife*. 131

ORLANDO. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ROSALIND. I might ask you for your commission, but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: — there's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

ORLANDO. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

ROSALIND. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possess'd her.

ORLANDO. For ever and a day. 140

ROSALIND. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a

monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry: I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep. 151

ORLANDO. But will my Rosalind do so?

ROSALIND. By my life, she will do as I do.

ORLANDO. O, but she is wise.

ROSALIND. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

ORLANDO. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, *Wit, whither wilt?* 161

ROSALIND. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

ORLANDO. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

ROSALIND. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours! 170

ORLANDO. I must attend the Duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

ROSALIND. Ay, go your ways, go your ways: I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

ORLANDO. Ay, sweet Rosalind. 178

ROSALIND. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise and the most hollow lover and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful : therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

ORLANDO. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind : so adieu. 188

ROSALIND. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try : adieu.

[Exit ORLANDO.]

CELIA. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate : we must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

ROSALIND. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love ! But it cannot be sounded : my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

CELIA. Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in. it runs out. 200

ROSALIND. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be

out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

CELIA. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Forest.*

Enter JAQUES, Lords and Foresters.

JAQUES. Which is he that killed the deer?

LORD. Sir, it was I.

JAQUES. Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

FORESTER. Yes, sir.

JAQUES. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

FORESTER.

What shall he have that killed the deer? 10

His leather skin and horns to wear.

Then sing him home.

[The rest shall bear this burden.]

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;

It was a crest ere thou wast born;

Thy father's father wore it,

And thy father bore it:

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Forest.**Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

ROSALIND. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

CELIA. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth — to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

SILVIUS. My errand is to you, fair youth:
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:

[*Giving a letter.*

I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it, 10
It bears an angry tenor: pardon me;
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

ROSALIND. Patience herself would startle at this letter
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device. 20

SILVIUS. No, I protest I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

ROSALIND. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand ; she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-color'd hand : I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands :
She has a huswife's hand ; but that's no matter.
I say, she never did invent this letter ;
This is a man's invention and his hand.

SILVIUS. Sure, it is hers.

30

ROSALIND. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers ; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian : women's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter ?

SILVIUS. So please you, for I never heard it yet ;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

ROSALIND. She Phebes me : mark how the tyrant
writes : [*Reads.*

*Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd ?*

40

Can a woman rail thus ?

SILVIUS. Call you this railing ?

ROSALIND. [*Reads.*]

*Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart ?*

Did you ever hear such railing ?

*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.*

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne 50
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect !
Whiles you chid me, I did love ;
How, then, might your prayers move !
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me :
And by him seal up thy mind ;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take 60
Of me and all that I can make :
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

SILVIUS. Call you this chiding ?

CELIA. Alas, poor shepherd ! 65

ROSALIND. Do you pity him ? no, he deserves no pity. — Wilt thou love such a woman ? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee ! not to be endur'd ! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her : that if she love me, I charge her to love thee ; if she will not I will never have her unless thou entreat for

her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word;
for here comes more company. [*Exit SILVIUS.*]

Enter OLIVER.

OLIVER. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you
know,

Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive-trees?

CELIA. West of this place, down in the neighbor
bottom:

The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place. 80
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

OLIVER. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments and such years: *The boy is fair,
Of female favor, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low
And browner than her brother.* Are not you

The owner of the house I did inquire for?

CELIA. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are. 90

OLIVER. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

ROSALIND. I am: what must we understand by this?

OLIVER. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

CELIA.

I pray you, tell it.

OLIVER. When last the young Orlando parted from
you,

He left a promise to return again
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest, 100
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell ! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself :
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly, 110
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush : under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother. 120

CELIA. O, I have heard him speak of that same
brother ;

And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd amongst men.

OLIVER. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

ROSALIND. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

OLIVER. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness, 130
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

CELIA. Are you his brother?

ROSALIND. Was't you he rescu'd?

CELIA. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill
him?

OLIVER. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

ROSALIND. But, for the bloody napkin?

OLIVER. By-and-by.

When from the first to last betwixt us two
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd, 140
As how I came into that desert place:—
I' brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself; and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,

And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound; 150
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[ROSALIND *faints*.]

CELIA. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

OLIVER. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

CELIA. There is more in it. Cousin! — Ganymede!

OLIVER. Look, he recovers. 160

ROSALIND. I would I were at home.

CELIA. We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

OLIVER. Be of good cheer, youth. You a man! you lack a man's heart.

ROSALIND. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

OLIVER. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest. 170

ROSALIND. Counterfeit, I assure you.

OLIVER. Well, then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

ROSALIND. So I do; but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

CELIA. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. — Good sir, go with us.

OLIVER. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind. 179

ROSALIND. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. — Will you go?
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

TOUCHSTONE. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

AUDREY. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

TOUCHSTONE. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

AUDREY. Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean. 9

TOUCHSTONE. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown; by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Enter WILLIAM.

WILLIAM. Good ev'n, Audrey.

AUDREY. God ye good ev'n, William.

WILLIAM. And good ev'n to you, sir.

TOUCHSTONE. Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

WILLIAM. Five and twenty, sir.

TOUCHSTONE. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

WILLIAM. William, sir. 21

TOUCHSTONE. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

WILLIAM. Ay, sir, I thank God.

TOUCHSTONE. *Thank God*; a good answer. Art rich?

WILLIAM. Faith, sir, so so.

TOUCHSTONE. *So so* is good, very good, very excellent good: — and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

WILLIAM. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit. 29

TOUCHSTONE. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying, *The fool doth think he is wise; but the wise man knows himself to be a fool*. The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

WILLIAM. I do, sir.

TOUCHSTONE. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

WILLIAM. No, sir. 39

TOUCHSTONE. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being

pour'd out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

WILLIAM. Which he, sir?

TOUCHSTONE. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon, — which is in the vulgar leave, — the society, — which in the boorish is company, — of this female, — which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart. 57

AUDREY. Do, good William.

WILLIAM. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN.

CORIN. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away!

TOUCHSTONE. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey. — I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

ORLANDO. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing you should love

her? and loving woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

OLIVER. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd. 12

ORLANDO. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the Duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

ROSALIND. God save you, brother.

OLIVER. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*]

ROSALIND. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf! 20

ORLANDO. It is my arm.

ROSALIND. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

ORLANDO. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

ROSALIND. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he show'd me your handkercher?

ORLANDO. Ay, and greater wonders than that. 28

ROSALIND. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true:

there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of *I came, saw, and overcame* : for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they look'd, no sooner look'd but they lov'd, no sooner lov'd but they sigh'd, no sooner sigh'd but they ask'd one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy ; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent : they are in the very wrath of love and they will together ; clubs cannot part them. 39

ORLANDO. They shall be married to-morrow ; and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes ! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

ROSALIND. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind ?

ORLANDO. I can live no longer by thinking. 48

ROSALIND. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit : I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are ; neither do I labor for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe, then, if you please, that I can do strange things : I have, since I was three year old, convers'd with a magician, most pro-

found in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is and without any danger. 65

ORLANDO. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

ROSALIND. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for, if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

PHEBE. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness To show the letter that I writ to you.

ROSALIND. I care not, if I have; it is my study To seem despiteful and ungentle to you.

You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd:
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

PHEBE. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

SILVIUS. It is to be all made of sighs and tears; 80
And so am I for Phebe.

PHEBE. And I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO. And I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND. And I for no woman.

SILVIUS. It is to be all made of faith and service ;
And so am I for Phebe.

PHEBE. And I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO. And I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND. And I for no woman.

SILVIUS. It is to be all made of fantasy, 90
All made of passion and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all obedience ;
And so am I for Phebe.

PHEBE. And so am I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO. And so am I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND. And so am I for no woman.

PHEBE. [*To ROSALIND.*] If this be so, why blame
you me to love you ? 100

SILVIUS. [*To PHEBE.*] If this be so, why blame
you me to love you ?

ORLANDO. If this be so, why blame you me to love
you ?

ROSALIND. Who do you speak to, *Why blame you
me to love you ?*

ORLANDO. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

ROSALIND. Pray you no more of this ; 'tis like the
howling of Irish wolves against the Moon. [*To SIL-
VIUS.*] I will help you if I can. [*To PHEBE.*] I would
love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together.
[*To PHEBE.*] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman,
and I'll be married to-morrow. [*To ORLANDO.*] I will

satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To SILVIUS.*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To ORLANDO.*] As you love Rosalind, meet. [*To SILVIUS.*] As you love Phebe, meet. And as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well: I have left you commands. 120

SILVIUS. I'll not fail, if I live.

PHEBE.

Nor I.

ORLANDO.

Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

TOUCHSTONE. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

AUDREY. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banish'd Duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

FIRST PAGE. Well met, honest gentleman.

TOUCHSTONE. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

SECOND PAGE. We are for you: sit i' the middle. 9

FIRST PAGE. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

SECOND PAGE. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the Spring.

20

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie
In spring-time, etc.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring-time, etc.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring-time, etc.

30

TOUCHSTONE. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

FIRST PAGE. You are deceiv'd, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

TOUCHSTONE. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God buy you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Forest.*

Enter DUKE *Senior*, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO,
OLIVER, *and* CELIA.

DUKE SENIOR. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the
boy

Can do all this that he hath promised ?

ORLANDO. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do
not ;

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

ROSALIND. Patience once more, whiles our compact
is urg'd.

[*To the DUKE.*] You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here ?

DUKE SENIOR. That would I, had I kingdoms to
give with her.

ROSALIND. [*To ORLANDO.*] And you say, you will
have her, when I bring her ?

ORLANDO. That would I, were I of all kingdoms
king. 10

ROSALIND. [*To PHEBE.*] You say, you'll marry me,
if I be willing ?

PHEBE. That will I, should I die the hour after.

ROSALIND. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd ?

PHEBE. So is the bargain.

ROSALIND. [*To SILVIUS.*] You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

SILVIUS. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

ROSALIND. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter: 20
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me: and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.]

DUKE SENIOR. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favor.

ORLANDO. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born, 30
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

JAQUES. There is, sure, another flood toward, and
these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair
of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are call'd
fools.

TOUCHSTONE. Salutation and greeting to you all! 39

JAQUES. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

TOUCHSTONE. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

JAQUES. And how was that ta'en up?

TOUCHSTONE. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause. 50

JAQUES. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

DUKE SENIOR. I like him very well.

TOUCHSTONE. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favor'd thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humor of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster. 61

DUKE SENIOR. By my faith he is very swift and sententious.

TOUCHSTONE. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

JAQUES. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause? 67

TOUCHSTONE. Upon a lie seven times removed; — bear your body more seeming, Audrey; — as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is call'd the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is call'd the Quip Modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is call'd the Reply Churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is call'd the Reproof Valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lied: this is call'd the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct. 81

JAQUES. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

TOUCHSTONE. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measur'd swords and parted.

JAQUES. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie? 88

TOUCHSTONE. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners; I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too

with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but, when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, *If you said so, then I said so* ; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your If is the only peacemaker ; much virtue in If. 101

JAQUES. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord ? he's as good at anything and yet a fool.

DUKE SENIOR. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA. Still music.

HYMEN. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke, receive thy daughter :
Hymen from heaven brought her, 110
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within her bosom is.

ROSALIND. [*To the DUKE.*] To you I give myself,
for I am yours.

[*To ORLANDO.*] To you I give myself, for I am
yours.

DUKE SENIOR. If there be truth in sight, you are
my daughter.

ORLANDO. If there be truth in sight, you are my
Rosalind.

PHEBE. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu !

ROSALIND. [*To the DUKE.*] I'll have no father, if
you be not he : 120

[*To ORLANDO.*] I'll have no husband, if you be not he :

[*To PHEBE.*] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

HYMEN. Peace, ho ! I bar confusion :

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events :

Here's eight that must take hands

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

[*To ORLANDO and ROSALIND.*] You and you no cross
shall part.

[*To OLIVER and CELIA.*] You and you are heart in
heart.

[*To PHEBE.*] You to his love must accord, 131
Or have a woman to your lord.

[*To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*] You and you are sure
together,

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning ;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown :

O blessed bond of board and bed ! 140

'Tis Hymen peoples every town ;

High wedlock, then, be honored :

Honor, high honor and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town !

DUKE SENIOR. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me,

Even daughter, welcome in no less degree!

PHEBE. [*To SILVIUS.*] I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.

JAQUES DE BOYS. Let me have audience for a word or two:

I am the second son of old Sir Rowland, 150
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world; 160
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

DUKE SENIOR. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.

First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot ;
And, after, every of this happy number, 170
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.

Play, music ! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to th' measures fall.

JAQUES. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you
rightly,

The Duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court ? 180

JAQUES DE BOYS. He hath.

JAQUES. To him will I : out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.

[TO THE DUKE.] You to your former honor I be-
queath ;

Your patience and your virtue well deserves it :

[TO ORLANDO.] You to a love that your true faith
doth merit :

[TO OLIVER.] You to your land and love and great
allies :

[TO SILVIUS.] You to a long and well deserved bed :

[TO TOUCH.] And you to wrangling ; for thy loving
voyage

Is but for two months victuall'd. So, to your pleasures :
I am for other than for dancing measures. 191

DUKE SENIOR. Stay, Jaques, stay.

JAQUES. To see no pastime I: what you would have I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*]

DUKE SENIOR. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [*A dance.*]

EPILOGUE.

ROSALIND. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in, then, that am neither a good epilogue nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnish'd like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, — as I perceive by your simpering none of you hates them, — that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defied not; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

TEXTUAL NOTES.

Dramatis Personæ. List first given by Rowe.

ACT I. — SCENE I.

2. The omission of **he** before **bequeathed** would be an easy slip for an Elizabethan printer. It is possible, however, that Shakespeare designed by such ellipsis to represent the eagerness and informality of Orlando's outpouring to the faithful old servant.

SCENE II.

4. **I**, missing from the folios, was supplied by Rowe.

51-52. The First Folio reads **who perceiveth our naturall wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent**. The Second Folio amends to **perceiving**. Malone, followed by eminent editors, reads **and hath sent**. Which correction is the better?

81-83. The original text gives this spirited reply to Rosalind. The emendation is Theobald's. Capell would change the name **Frederick** to **Ferdinand**. Which of these three readings accords best with the epithet **old**? What is the force of that epithet here? Which reading, as we consider the character of the two girls and the two fathers, seems most natural? Which implies the liveliest play of conversation and action? Which has best authority?

honor him: enough! Hanmer's punctuation for the folio reading **honour him enough**. Between these readings editors are about evenly divided. What is the main advantage of each?

119. Farmer, Dyce, and Hudson would take the words **with bills on their necks** from Rosalind, and add them to Le Beau's preceding speech. Would this arrangement better the wit of the dialogue?

136. **see.** So the original texts. What are the objections to the reading? Consider carefully Theobald's emendation, **set**; Heath's, **get**; and Dr. Johnson's, **feel**.

154. **man.** So the original texts. Many editors change to **men**. Is this necessary?

160. The folios read **Princesse cals**. Many editors, because of Orlando's reply, change to the plural. Is this necessary?

170-171. Some editors would change **your eyes** and **your judgment** to **our eyes** and **our judgment**. Is this necessary? What should be the emphasis in the original reading?

179. **wherein** offends the grammatical sense of certain editors, who would substitute **therein** or **herein**, or omit the word altogether. What is the strict verbal antecedent of **wherein**? What is the implied antecedent of idea? Would severe grammatical accuracy be expected of Orlando under the circumstances?

202. Here a few editors are tempted to read **An you mean**, or its equivalent, **If you mean**. Does the original text call for change?

239. The folios read **all promise**, which, as Hudson says, "upsets the metre to no purpose."

Giving him a chain from her neck. This is Theobald's addition. In Lodge's novel we read that Rosalind "tooke from hir neck a Jewell, and sent it by a Page to the young Gentleman." Search the third act to find out why Theobald supplied here **chain** rather than **jewel**.

267. The folios have **taller**. If Shakespeare's usual script was as blind as it appears in his few extant signatures, the printer might easily have read as **taller** the word **lesser**. Other emendations proposed are **shorter**, **smaller**, **lower**. What two statements in the play make it evident that Celia was not as tall as Rosalind?

SCENE III.

97. "Theobald mended what he considered faulty in sense and grammar by reading 'me' for 'thee' and 'are' for 'am.' Johnson considered the former change unnecessary; 'for,' said he, 'where

would be the absurdity of saying, 'You know not the law which teaches you to do right?' No one would now think of writing, 'thou and I am,' but as it is an instance of a construction of frequent occurrence in Shakespeare's time, by which the verb is attracted to the nearest subject, it should not be altered. See Ben Jonson, *The Fox*, ii. 1: 'Take it or leave it, howsoever, both it and I am at your service.' And Cynthia's Revels, i. 1: 'My thoughts and I am for this other element, water.'" — WRIGHT.

102. **your change.** So the First Folio. The later folios read **your charge**, and a number of editors, recognizing how easily the *y*^e of an Elizabethan MS. might be taken for *y*^r, have adopted **the charge**. Which of the three readings is best?

ACT II. — SCENE I.

5-11. This passage has been subjected to much editorial discussion. Theobald, followed by eminent scholars, would read in line 5 **but** for **not**, claiming that the penalty of Adam was to suffer, in place of Eden's perpetual spring, the changes of the weather. Others contend that the penalty of Adam was labor, from which the Duke and his lords, who "fleet the time carelessly" with song and feast and hunting, are exempt. But the passage, as a whole, has no reference to labor. Its general sense would seem to be: "I am entrenched in my own content. I translate the stubbornness of fortune into so quiet and so sweet a style that here, far from false luxury of courts and the pang of man's ingratitude, here in the wild and lonely forest of Arden, though the winter wind may blow and the bitter sky may freeze, even till the body shrink with cold, I am lord of my own spirit and pluck the precious jewel wisdom from the ugliest shape of adversity." The sense of the flesh is one thing, and the feeling of the soul another.

18. **I would not change it.** The original text, divergence from which should be extremely cautious, gives these words to Amiens; but they form so human a conclusion to the address of the Duke, — whose later inconsistency of action is human, too, — and make so poor a preface to the young lord's tribute of loyal admiration, that the emendation prevails.

50. The folios read **friend**. As the final *s*, present and absent, is responsible for much editorial perplexity, it may be, as Walker has suggested and Furness iterated, that the fault lies with Shakespeare's handwriting.

SCENE II.

17. **brother**. A few editors would amend to **brother's**. Why? Who is "that gallant"?

SCENE III.

8. **bonny**. Warburton would amend to **bony**. Which is better?

73. First Folio, clearly by misprint, reads **seaventie** for **seventeen**.

SCENE IV.

1. First Folio has **merry** for **weary**. Which is right, and why?

9. The later folios have **can** for **cannot**, as if the double negative of Chaucer and Shakespeare were already passing into disfavor.

37. The later folios have **wearying**. Which is better?

42. The First Folio blunders here, reading **searching of they would**. The later folios corrected to **their wound**, and Rowe improved the improvement to **thy wound**.

65. First Folio blunders again, reading **your friend**; corrected in the later folios.

95. Walker suggests **factor**, but **feeder** is appropriate here in either its general Elizabethan meaning of **servant** or the more particular signification of **shepherd**.

SCENE V.

3. **turn**. Some editors would change to **tune**. Is there a difference in meaning?

57. **Ducdame**. Still editors ask, with Amiens, "What's that **ducdame**?" and still we wince under the thrust of Jaques's reply: "'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle." The circle is already large enough. The word has been interpreted as a Latin equivalent for **come hither**, **Duc ad me**; as a country-woman's call

to her ducks; as a phrase from an old Keltic game, passed down by little modern Britishers in their play of "Tom Tidler's Ground," and in various ways else. Mr. Ainger has suggested a change to **Ducdome** (pronounced **Duc-do'-me**) for the sake of keeping rhyme with the last verse, —

An if he will come to' me.

Cf.

"That streight was comen fro the court of Rómé.

Ful loude he soong, Com hider, lové, tó me."

Canterbury Tales, "Prologue," 671-672.

SCENE VII.

55. Theobald's emendation of the verse as it stands in the folios:

Seeme senselesse of the bob.

73. First Folio has **wearie verie meanes**. How could that reading be interpreted? What gives plausibility to Singer's emendation **wearer's**?

ACT III. — SCENE I.

1. A few editors would amend **see to seen**. Is this necessary?

SCENE II.

89. **fair**. A change to **face** has been proposed. But see Grammatical Notes.

92. **rank to market**. Suggested alterations are **rant at market** (noisy volubility), **rate at market** (calling of wares), **rate to market** (jog-trot pace), **rack to market** (technical term for an ambling gait). The original **rank** seems to picture a single file of butter-women trotting along the road to market. Which of the five readings most commends itself?

113. **it will be**. Lettsom proposes **it will bear**. Is the change desirable?

120. The folios have

Why should this Desert bee.

Tyrwhitt proposed the insertion of **silent** after **desert**, but Rowe's

simpler change to a **desert** has been generally adopted. Is the original deficient in sense, or meter, or both?

150. **Jupiter**. Spedding has led many of the most scrupulous editors after him in his emendation **pulpiter**. But carefully weigh this sturdy protest from Dr. Furness:—

“Spedding’s emendation, *pulpiter*, adopted by the Cambridge editors and by Dyce in his second edition, but abandoned in his third, is plausible and alluring. It is the word of all words to introduce the train of thought that follows, with which ‘Jupiter’ has no connection. This addition of an *-er* to a noun in order to change it to an agent, like ‘moraler’ in ‘Othello,’ ‘justicer’ in ‘Lear,’ etc., is, as we all know, thoroughly Shakespearian. Moreover ‘Jupiter’ is not printed in *Italics* as though it were a proper name, to which Wright calls attention, and as it is printed in the only other place where it is used in this play, II., IV., 1; which adds to the likelihood that it is here a misprint. All these considerations are clamorous for Spedding’s *pulpiter*. But, on the other hand, the text is clear without it; once before Rosalind has appealed to ‘Jupiter,’ and to use this mouth-filling oath, which is ‘not dangerous,’ may have been one of her characteristics, as certainly the use of expletives in general is. Although ‘Jupiter’ is not elsewhere printed in Roman, yet ‘Jove’ is, and in this very scene, line 229; and so also is ‘Judas’ in III., IV., 9. *Pulpiter* can hardly be called an emendation; there is no obscurity which amounts to a defect. It is an improvement; and against verbal improvements, which it is far from impossible to make in Shakespeare’s text, we should, I think, acquire and maintain a dogged habit of shutting our eyes and closing our ears.”

189. **hooping**. Rowe would amend to **hoping**, and Theobald to **whooping**. But cf.:—

“That admiration did not hoope at them.”

Henry V., II. ii. 108.

Also the Elizabethan phrases: “Out of all ho,” “out of all cry.”

230. **drops forth such fruit**. Corrected by the later folios from the **droppes forth fruite** of the First Folio.

237. **thy tongue**. The folios read **the tongue**. As the Elizabethan printer often set type from dictation, **the** and **thy**, in rapid speaking, might easily be mistaken for each other.

250. **God buy you.** Folio reading. Where does this contraction stand in the gradation, **God be with you; God b' wi' you; Goodby?**

SCENE III.

48. **horn-beasts.** The frequent confusion in the First Folio of final **d** and final **e** inclines some editors to change the **horne-beasts** of the original text to **horn'd beasts**.

SCENE IV.

57-58. Thus the folios. A smoother and perhaps more natural reading is that embracing two slight alterations: —

**Bring us to see this sight, and you shall say
I prove a busy actor in their play.**

SCENE V.

22. Does the metre require any addition? If so, what addition is suggested by the preceding line?

37. **have no beauty.** Editors stumble at this, and would substitute **had more beauty**, or **have some beauty**. Does the sense of the passage call for such alteration?

66. **your foulness.** Hanmer proposed a change to **her foulness**. Is this necessary?

117. By what omission would the metre be improved?

ACT IV. — SCENE I.

18. **in which my often rumination.** The First Folio reads **in which by often rumination**, but the Second corrects **by** to **my**. It has been proposed by later editors to alter **in** to **on**. Would this modify the meaning?

54. "Hanmer's change, 'than you **can** make,' is upheld by White (ed. 1) on the score that 'Rosalind is speaking not of Orlando's acts, but of his abilities.' To me, however, the change is not only needless, but erroneous. 'You' does not refer to Orlando personally, any more than 'your wives,' in line 58, accuses him of polygamy. It is the French 'on.' I suppose the meaning of the sentence is that a snail is better off than a woman because he enjoys all the

time the possession of his house, whereas a woman cannot possibly possess her jointure until she becomes a widow, and if she dies before her husband, will never have it at all." — FURNESS.

101. Hanmer would change **chroniclers** to **coroners**. Why? To which reading does the plural number point?

SCENE II.

12. The First Folio prints as the third line of the song

Then sing him home, the rest shall beare this burthen.

Theobald re-arranged, making the last six words a stage direction. Other editors would bracket all ten. Which reading is most musical?

SCENE III.

7. The First Folio has **did bid**. Later folios omit the **did**. Which is better?

33. **women's**. Some editors print **woman's**. Is the change necessary?

87. **ripe sister**. Lettsom ingeniously conjectures this to be a blunder for **right forester**, the latter word being sometimes written **forster** and **foster**. But the reading of the Folio is consistent: "The boy is fair, of a girlish look, and with the manner of a mature girl." Rosalind's deportment, while essentially maidenly, has a woman's poise and self-possession, with no suggestion of the awkward shyness that often attends young girlhood.

89. **owner**. Capell conjectures **owners**. But see Literary Notes.

101. **Chewing the food**. Persistently misquoted as **chewing the cud**.

104. **an oak**. The folios read **an old Oake**. Is the epithet helpful or harmful to sense and metre?

155. **his blood**. The First Folio has **this blood**. Which is better?

ACT V.—SCENE II.

94. **obedience**. The folios read **observance**, apparently an accidental repetition on the printer's part. **Obedience** is Malone's suggestion. "Other emendations proposed are 'obeisance' (which S.

uses only in T. of S. vid. 1, 108: 'do him obeisance'), 'endurance' (which he has three times in the sense of suffering, or sufferance), 'deservance' (which he does not use at all), 'perséverance' (as it is accented by S.) and 'devotion.' The last two are plausible, but no more so than 'obedience,' which the poet uses oftener than either." — ROLFE.

105. **Who do you speak to?** This is a deviation, constrained by Orlando's answer, from the original text, **Why do you speake too?** The question, thus worded, seems to have little force, as one remembers how lusty a part Orlando had borne throughout in this lovers' quartette.

SCENE III.

12. **the only prologues.** Alteration to **only the prologues** has been suggested, but such transposition of **only** was an Elizabethan failing. Wright suggests comparison of this passage with I. ii. 186, and "Much Ado About Nothing," IV. i. 323: "Men are only turned into tongue." He notes, too, a closely parallel passage in Sidney's "Arcadia," lib. 2, p. 110 (ed. 1598): "Gynecia, who with the onely bruze of the fall, had her shoulder put of ioynet."

35. **untuneable.** Theobald, with a goodly following, advocates a change to **untimeable.** Would this be better?

SCENE IV.

4. Many changes for this line have been suggested, but its meaning is complete as it stands. Orlando, certainly, could interpret it, fearing, as he did, that his hope of Rosalind was merely hope, devoid of all certainty, and knowing that he feared.

79. **lied.** The folios have **lie.** What need of the change?

112-113. The original text has **his hand . . . his bosome.** Is the change necessary? Are we to suppose that Rosalind was at this time in "doublet and hose"?

117. Is it possible that the word **sight** is a printer's blunder here, repeated from the line above? Consult Phebe for emendation.

146. Theobald and Walker propose the reading **daughter-welcome.** Is this better?

162. The First Folio, probably by misprint, has **him** for **them.**

GRAMMATICAL NOTES.

ACT I. — SCENE I.

2. **bequeathed.** Where is the subject, — drowned in printer's ink, or choked in Orlando's eager throat? — ABBOTT, § 399. Cf. Textual Notes.

Poor a thousand crowns. Cf.:—

“So rare a wonder'd father,”

The Tempest, IV. i. 123.

“For this transposition of the indefinite article, see Abbott, § 422.” — WRIGHT. (Cf. Abbott, § 85.) “This transposition of the article is akin to that still allowed after **how** and **so**.” — ROLFE. “To me the simplest explanation would be to consider it as a transposition not of the article, but of the adjective, for the sake of greater emphasis.” — FURNESS.

12. **riders dearly hired.** Make good the ellipsis. — ABBOTT, § 403.

14. **the which.** — ABBOTT, § 270.

18. **bars me the place.** Explain the omission of the preposition. — ABBOTT, § 198.

42. **him.** Explain the case. — ABBOTT, § 208.

72. **go buy.** Make good the ellipsis. — ABBOTT, § 349.

73-74. **thou . . . you.** “Throughout this quarrel between the brothers, and throughout the subsequent conference between Oliver and Charles, it is worth while to observe, and to appreciate if we can, the use of **thou** and **you**, which appears, at first sight, to be almost indiscriminate.” — FURNESS. Cf. Abbott, §§ 231-235.

82. **spoke.** — ABBOTT, § 343.

84-85. **no thousand crowns neither.** Why is the double negative appropriate here? — ABBOTT, § 406.

107. **to stay.** Meaning what? — ABBOTT, § 356.

108. **belov'd of her uncle.** Is this still in common usage? — ABBOTT, § 170. Cf. 159-160.

112. **a many merry men.** Explain the construction. — ABBOTT, § 87.

114. **fleet the time.** "Not elsewhere used transitively by Shakespeare." — ROLFE.

123. **shall.** Meaning what? — ABBOTT, § 315.

127. **withal.** Meaning what? — ABBOTT, § 196.

140. **thou wert best.** "Another old English idiom, now obsolete." — ROLFE. To what preceding phrase in the speech does Dr. Rolfe refer, and is that phrase also obsolete?

147. **brotherly.** "An adverb, as in the only other instances of the word in Shakespeare." — ROLFE.

149. **I must . . . thou must.** Paraphrase each.

158. **than he.** Is this irregularity explicable? — ABBOTT, §§ 205-206.

SCENE II.

5-6. **teach me to forget . . . learn me how to remember.** — ABBOTT, § 291. If Bartlett's Shakespeare Concordance, or similar work, is at hand, inquire into the poet's use or omission of **how** after **learn** and **teach**.

10. **so.** Meaning what? — ABBOTT, § 133.

17-18. **nor none.** — ABBOTT, § 406. Cf. 27-28 and 50-51.

18. **like.** Meaning what? Cf. IV. i. 66.

52. **reason of.** — ABBOTT, § 174.

86-87. **since . . . was silenced.** Is this modern usage? — ABBOTT, § 347.

111. **to do.** Is this modern usage? — ABBOTT, § 359.

114. **There comes.** How may the singular form be accounted for? — ABBOTT, § 335.

122. **which Charles.** Why is the antecedent repeated? — ABBOTT, § 269.

123. **that.** Equivalent to what? — ABBOTT, § 283.

136. **any else longs.** Expand. — ABBOTT, § 244.

148-149. **successfully.** "The adverb is similarly used for the adjective in 'The Tempest,' III. i. 32: 'You look wearily.'" — WRIGHT.

151. **are you crept.** How far is this consistent with present usage? — ABBOTT, § 295.

177. **might.** How irregular? — ABBOTT, §§ 370-371.

179. **me.** How used? — ABBOTT, § 223. For *wherein*, see Textual Notes.

186. **only.** Modifying what? — ABBOTT, §§ 420-421.

209. **should down.** Explain the ellipsis. — ABBOTT, §§ 30, 41, and 405.

221. **still.** Meaning what? — ABBOTT, § 69.

222. **shouldst.** What would be the modern word here? — ABBOTT, § 322.

233. **unto.** Meaning what? — ABBOTT, § 185. Cf.: —

"And to that dauntless temper of his mind
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour."

Macbeth, III. i. 52.

237. **sticks me at heart.** What is the meaning of **sticks** in this passage? Cf.: "To stick the heart of falsehood." — *Troilus and Cressida*, III. ii. 202. If **sticks** is used here intransitively, in the sense of **is fixed**, what is the syntax of **me**? Does the phrase **at heart** indicate ellipsis? "This is, I think, an instance of the absorption of the definite article in the dental termination of 'at.' This absorption, originally adopted for the sake of ease in pronunciation, led gradually to the omission of the article in other cases, as in 'milk comes frozen home **in** **pail**,' or in 'spectacles **on** **nose** and pouch **on** **side**.'" — FURNESS.

242. **could.** Meaning what? Cf.: —

"She's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back that shoved her on."

Antony and Cleopatra, I. ii. 131-132.

253. Scan the verse. — ABBOTT, § 494.

255. **Or.** Contracted from what? — ABBOTT, § 136.

259. Scan the verse. — ABBOTT, § 479.

260. **misconstrues.** Accented as in the original spelling "**misconsters.**"

265. **was.** ABBOTT, §§ 333, 412.

281. **bounden.** Is this form archaic? — ABBOTT, § 344.

SCENE III.

27. **on such a sudden.** “Not elsewhere used by Shakespeare. **On the sudden** seems to be his favorite phrase, but he uses also **on a sudden** and **of a sudden.**” — ROLFE.

28. **with.** Analogous to the use of this preposition in what modern phrase?

41. Scan the verse. — ABBOTT, § 465.

49. **If that.** What is the use of **that** here? — ABBOTT, § 287.

65. **To think.** What is omitted? — ABBOTT, § 281.

70. **remorse.** “Pity, compassion. Cf. ‘Merchant of Venice,’ IV. i. 20: ‘mercy and remorse;’ ‘King John,’ III. iv. 50: ‘tears of soft remorse,’ etc. The only meaning of **remorseful** in Shakespeare is compassionate, and of **remorseless** (as in our day) pitiless.” — ROLFE.

71. **that time.** In what similar expressions is the preposition omitted? — ABBOTT, § 202.

73. **still.** Meaning what? Cf. I. ii. 221.

78. Scan the verse.

93. Scan the verse.

97. **am.** On what principle may this form be explained? — ABBOTT, § 412.

114. Scan the verse.

115. **Because that.** Cf. 49 above.

common. What part of speech? — ABBOTT, § 1.

116. **all points.** Cf. 71.

122. **it.** How used? — ABBOTT, § 226.

128. Scan the verse.

ACT II. — SCENE I.

1. **exile.** How accented? Cf.:—

“Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge.”

Coriolanus, V. iii. 45.

8. **Which.** How used here? — ABBOTT, § 272.

21. **us.** How used? — ABBOTT, § 223.

22. **irks me.** “Cf. the ‘Eton Latin Grammar:’ ‘Taedet, it irketh.’ See also ‘1 Henry VI.,’ I. iv. 105: ‘it irks his heart;’ and ‘3 Henry VI.,’ II. ii. 6: ‘it irks my very soul.’ Shakespeare uses the word only three times. **Irksome** occurs in III. v. 94 below.” — ROLFE.

24. **confines.** How accented? Cf.: —

“Shall in these confines with a monarch’s voice.”

Julius Cæsar, III. i. 272.

33. **the which place.** Cf. I. ii. 22.

46. **needless.** Meaning what? Cf. “Lear,” II. iv. 151: “Age is unnecessary.”

49. Scan the verse.

50. **of.** Is this modern usage? — ABBOTT, § 170.

52. Scan the verse. — ABBOTT, § 495.

62. **kill them up.** Collect, by aid of Bartlett or Schmidt, further examples of this intensive use of **up** in Shakespeare’s plays.

SCENE II.

5. Is there any peculiarity in the wording of this verse? — ABBOTT, § 423.

13. Scan the verse. — ABBOTT, § 477.

20. **inquisition.** Meaning what? Cf. the only other instance of Shakespeare’s use of the word: —

“You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp’d
And left me to a bootless inquisition.”

The Tempest, I. ii. 35.

SCENE III.

7. **so fond to.** Make good the ellipsis. — ABBOTT, § 281. “‘Fond’ is contracted from ‘foned’ or ‘fonnyd.’ The latter form occurs in Wyclif’s version of 1 Cor. i., 27 (ed. Lewis), where ‘the thingis that ben fonnyd’ is the rendering of ‘quæ stulta sunt.’ The former is found in the second of the Wicliffite Versions, edited by Forshall and Madden, 1 Cor. i. 20, ‘Whether God hath not maad the wisdom of this world fonned?’ where the Vulgate has ‘nonne stultam

fecit Deus sapientiam hujus mundi?' Hence 'fannedness' in the same version is used for 'foolishness.' 'Fanned' is derived from 'fon,' a fool, which occurs in Chaucer's "Reve's Tale," l. 4087:—

'Il hail, Aleyn, by God! thou is a fon.'

And 'fon' is connected with the Swedish **fane**, and perhaps with the Latin **vanus**."—WRIGHT.

10. **some kind of men.** How may this irregularity be accounted for?—ABBOTT, § 412.

11. **them.** Explain the syntax.—ABBOTT, § 414.

12. **No more do yours.** Would **no less** be a grammatical improvement?

23. **use.** How far does this accord with present idiom?

24. **fail of that.** Is this use of the preposition still allowable?

29-30. Notice, throughout this dialogue between Orlando and Adam, the use of **thou** and **you**.

42. What is the ellipsis here?—ABBOTT, § 403. Or should we understand **lie** from the preceding line?

49. **in my blood.** "These words seem by a kind of zeugma to belong both to the verb 'apply' and to the adjectives 'hot' and 'rebellious.'"—MOBERLY.

50. **Nor did not.** Cf. 10-11 in the following scene.—ABBOTT, § 406.

58. **sweat.** "Past tense. The **ed** may be simply dropped after **t** for euphony. Cf. 'quit' for 'quitted,' 'waft' for 'wafted,' etc. (Abbott, § 341); or **sweat** may represent a strong form **swat**; **swet** occurs in Middle English."—J. C. SMITH.

60. Scan the verse.

68. Expand the line, in order to realize Shakespeare's power of condensation.

69. **thee.** "Note the change of the personal pronoun with the changed personal relations."—FURNESS.

SCENE IV.

9. See Textual Notes.

11. **had rather.** Is this good English at present?

19. **Look you.**—ABBOTT, § 212.

34. Scan the verse. — ABBOTT, § 457, *a*.

35, 38. What is the significance of these broken verses in the shepherd's rhapsody? — ABBOTT, § 511.

39. **broke**. Cf. I. i. 82.

42. **searching of**. Why should the preposition occur here? — ABBOTT, § 178.

46. **a-night**. How is the prefix to be explained? — ABBOTT, § 24.

47, 49. **the kissing of . . . the wooing of**. Colloquial. — ABBOTT, § 93, *end*.

54. **wiser**. What is the irregularity? — ABBOTT, § 1.

70, 71. Where is the ellipsis? — ABBOTT, § 403, *end*.

for succor. What is the meaning of **for** here? — ABBOTT, § 154.

84. **What**. Why not **Who**? — ABBOTT, § 254.

shall. Meaning what? — ABBOTT, § 315.

89. Is this modern idiom?

SCENE V.

5. **Come hither**. What is the mode? — ABBOTT, § 364.

25. **that they call**. What is omitted? — ABBOTT, § 244.

30-31. **the while**. What is the original syntax? — ABBOTT, § 137.

32. **look you**. How may the omission of the preposition be explained? — ABBOTT, § 200.

33. **disputable**. Meaning what? — ABBOTT, § 3.

59. **go sleep**. Cf. I. i. 72.

SCENE VI.

2. **for food**. Cf. II. iv. 71.

5. **comfort**. Noun or verb? and, if verb, transitive or intransitive?

10. **presently**. Meaning what? — ABBOTT, § 59.

SCENE VII.

1. **be**. Why the subjunctive? — ABBOTT, § 299.

3. **even now**. Is this present usage? — ABBOTT, § 38.

4. **hearing of**. Cf. II. iv. 42.

16. **rail'd on.** "Shakespeare uses **on** or **upon** after **rail** oftener than **at**. **Against** is sometimes the preposition, as in II. v. 60 and III. ii. 270 of the present play." — ROLFE.

26. **ripe.** Is this the modern form?

29. **moral.** Verb or adjective here?

32. **sans.** "This French preposition appears to have been brought into the language in the fourteenth century, and occurs in the form **saun**, **sanz**, **sauntz**, **saunz**, and **saunce**. It may, perhaps, have been employed at first in purely French phrases, such as '*sans question*,' 'Love's Labour's Lost,' V. i. 91; '*sans compliment*,' 'King John,' V. vi. 16. But Shakespeare uses it with other words, as here, and in 'Hamlet,' III. iv. 79. Nares quotes instances from Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, and others. So that it appears to have had an existence for a time as an English word." — WRIGHT.

41. **the which.** Cf. I. i. 14.

52. **as way.** — ABBOTT, § 83.

75. **When that.** Cf. I. iii. 49 and 115.

78. Is the manner of expression here archaic or rhetorical?

79. **what.** Cf. II. iv. 84.

88. Scan the verse. — ABBOTT, § 500.

eat. Cf. I. i. 82 and II. iv. 39.

89. **Nor shalt not.** Cf. I. i. 84-85; I. ii. 17-18, 27-28, 50-51; II. iii. 50; II. iv. 10-11. Later instances of the double negative will not be regarded in these notes.

90. Explain the redundant use of the preposition. — ABBOTT, § 407.

103. Is there any ellipsis here? — ABBOTT, § 100.

for food. Cf. II. iv. 71 and II. vi. 2.

118. **the which hope.** Cf. I. ii. 122 and II. i. 33.

127. **Whiles.** Originally what? — ABBOTT, § 137.

134. **ye.** What case? — ABBOTT, § 236.

138. Cf. 90 above.

142. Scan the verse.

144. Scan the verse.

145, 147. **like snail . . . like furnace.** Cf. I. ii. 237 and II. vii. 52; also 158.

151. Scan the verse.

162. **his.** — ABBOTT, § 228.

165. **Sans.** See 32 above.

167. **feed.** Is this in accordance with our present English speech? With the German?

171. **to question.** What use of the infinitive here? — ABBOTT, § 356.

197. **Thou.** Why the change of pronoun?

198. **your.** Whom is the Duke addressing?

ACT III. — SCENE I.

2. Explain the ellipsis here. — ABBOTT, § 202.

4. **thou present.** Expand and account for this ellipsis. — ABBOTT, § 381. Cf.: —

“Joy absent, grief is present for that time.”

Richard II., I. iii. 259.

SCENE II.

7. **That.** Supply the ellipsis. — ABBOTT, § 283.

10. **unexpressive.** Meaning what? — ABBOTT, § 3. Cf.: —

“And hears the unexpressive nuptial song.”

MILTON'S *Lycidas*, l. 176.

she. Equivalent to what? — ABBOTT, § 224. Cf. 379.

21. **Hast any.** What is the ellipsis here, and how explained? — ABBOTT, § 400-401.

42. **parlous.** A corrupt form of **perilous**.

43. **Not a whit.** “As ‘not’ is itself a contraction of **nāwiht**, or **nawhit**, ‘not a whit’ is redundant.” — WRIGHT.

46. **but you.** Meaning what? — ABBOTT, § 125.

49. **Instance.** Noun or verb?

50. **still.** Meaning what? Cf. I. ii. 221 and I. iii. 73.

58. **more sounder.** — ABBOTT, § 11. “The rise of double comparatives in Middle English was perhaps due to a struggle between the French and English modes of comparison. In Elizabethan English they serve to give emphasis.” — J. C. SMITH.

63. **in respect of.** What is the modern equivalent?

64. **perpend.** “A word used only by Pistol, Polonius, and the Clowns.” — SCHMIDT.

89. **fair.** Beauty. "This use of the adjective for an abstract substantive, though rare in the preceding century, becomes very common again in Elizabethan English, probably owing to the influence of Latin." — J. C. SMITH. Cf.: —

"Whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheek."

Venus and Adonis, l. 589.

90. **you.** What is the construction?

92. **right.** Meaning what? Cf. 115 and 266.

121. **For.** Meaning what? — ABBOTT, § 151.

126. **That.** Equivalent to what? — ABBOTT, § 283.

131. **sentence end.** — ABBOTT, § 217.

149. Explain the construction. — ABBOTT, §§ 216, 416. Cf.: "But on this condition, that she should follow him, and he not to follow her." — BACON'S *Advancement of Learning*, l. 284.

168. **should.** "According to Abbott (§ 328), used to denote a statement not made by the speaker; but it may possibly depend on **wondering** rather than on **hear**." — ROLFE.

173. **that.** Meaning what? — ABBOTT, § 284.

which. How used? — ABBOTT, § 271.

181. **with.** Meaning what? — ABBOTT, § 193.

203. **stay.** Meaning what?

208. **brow . . . maid.** What case? Cf. 266.

215. **makes.** Meaning what? Cf. I. i. 27-30.

216. **with.** "With is used, by a sort of inversion, of separation from things or persons with which one has been connected. We still 'part with' things: in Elizabethan English with persons as well." — J. C. SMITH.

218. **borrow.** Investigate the history of this word.

223. **freshly.** Cf. I. ii. 148-149 and II. vi. 13.

241. **bring'st me out.** How far in accordance with modern idiom?

247. **myself alone.** — ABBOTT, § 20, *footnote*.

248. **fashion sake.** Cf. 131 above.

254. **moe.** "Moe is from Old English **ma** (adverb), **more** from **mára** (adjective) = greater. **Ma** was used as neuter noun followed

by the genitive, i.e., more of so and so. . . . In Shakespeare's usage **moe** is always followed by a plural." — J. C. SMITH.

257. **Yes, just.** Is this present idiom?

267. **from whence.** Is this recognized in modern English as redundant?

301. **who.** How many instances on the page of this usage? Is it common with Shakespeare? — ABBOTT, § 274.

307. **se'nnight.** Cf. **fortnight.**

308. **year.** Is this old form of the plural still in use?

332. **of.** What is the modern equivalent here? — ABBOTT, § 170.

353. **shak'd.** "In the past participle Shakespeare has the weak form **shaked**, as well as **shaken**, and **shook**. **Shaked** is found as early as Skelton and as late as the eighteenth century." — J. C. SMITH.

355. **There is none.** — ABBOTT, § 335.

356-357. **in which cage.** Cf. I. ii. 122; II. i. 33 and II. vii. 118.

360. **unquestionable.** Meaning what? "White refers to 'Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,' 'Hamlet,' I. iv. 43, where the word is used in exactly the same sense; that is, Thou com'st in a shape so proper to be questioned, and yet this line is often quoted as if 'questionable' meant 'suspicious.'" — FURNESS.

368. Expand the ellipsis.

370. **thee.** Why this change of pronoun?

375. **still.** See 50 above.

SCENE III.

9. **ill-inhabited.** Meaning what? — ABBOTT, § 294.

49. **But what though?** Expand the phrase. — ABBOTT, § 64.

SCENE IV.

12. **your.** How used? — ABBOTT, § 221.

37. **what.** — ABBOTT, § 253.

47. **that.** Why not **who**? — ABBOTT, § 260.

SCENE V.

3. Scan the verse.

5. **Falls.** — ABBOTT, § 291.

6. **But first begs.** — ABBOTT, § 120. Cf. III. ii. 46.

- 12. **that are.** See III. iv. 47.
- 13. **Who.** Why personification here? — ABBOTT, § 264.
- 42. Scan the verse.
- 53. **makes.** — ABBOTT, § 247.
- 93. **since that.** Cf. I. iii. 49.
- 121. Scan the verse.

ACT IV. — SCENE I.

- 2-3. Note the pronouns.
- 18. **in.** Does this accord with present usage?
- often.** What part of speech here?
- 29. **an.** — ABBOTT, § 101. Cf. 38, 49, and 67 below.
- 34. What is omitted here? — ABBOTT, § 201.
- 50. **of.** Cf. III. ii. 332.
- 58. **beholding.** Is this present usage? — ABBOTT, § 372.
- 59. **prevents.** In the original sense of **anticipates.**
- 64. **leer.** "Middle English, **lere.** Old English, **hléor** cheek, look. At first used in a good sense, but twice in Skelton (time of Henry VIII.) of ugly looks. In Shakespeare (1) look in general, (2) a winning look. Now a sly look." — J. C. SMITH.
- 66. **like enough to consent.** Is this modern idiom?
- 70. Cf. I. i. 140.
- 73. **warn.** Cf. Audrey's exclamation in III. iii. 4.
- 93. **was not.** Is this present usage? — ABBOTT, § 347.
- 96. **Leander.** What is the syntax? — ABBOTT, § 243.
- 115-116. **thou . . . you.** Watch the pronouns throughout the mock-marriage scene.
- 156. **make the doors.** "Cf. German **machen zu.** The expression survives in Yorkshire and Leicestershire dialect." — J. C. SMITH.
- 173. **your.** Why this change in pronoun?
- 183. **pathetical.** Meaning what?
- 191, 196. **your . . . thou.** Why this variation?
- fathom.** Is this still a plural form?
- 206. **go find.** Cf. I. i. 72 and II. v. 59.

SCENE II.

- 8. **so.** Meaning what? — ABBOTT, § 133.

SCENE III.

10. **writing of it.** Cf. II. iv. 42, 47, 49.

16. **and that.** Make good the ellipsis. — ABBOTT, § 382.

35. **Ethiop.** "Not used elsewhere by Shakespeare as an adjective." — ROLFE.

67. **thou.** Why this change in pronoun?

108-109. **itself . . . her.** An apparent confusion of genders, due to Shakespeare's dislike of the form **its**, which was in hardly better favor with his contemporaries.

116. **When that.** See I. iii. 49.

should. — ABBOTT, § 326.

165. **sirrah.** Ordinarily used to an inferior. Perhaps it indicates here a dash of Rosalind's saucy playfulness.

a body. Now colloquial, as the well-known Scotch song witnesses: —

"If a body meet a body
Comin' through the rye."

ACT V. — SCENE I.

12. **shall.** A suggestion of compulsion.

60. **seeks.** — ABBOTT, § 336.

SCENE II.

5. **wooing.** The absolute use of the participle. — ABBOTT, § 378.

4. **persever.** The common Elizabethan spelling, the accent falling on the second syllable.

6. **of her.** — ABBOTT, § 225.

53. **insomuch.** A unique instance of the use of the word in Shakespeare's writings. This also holds good of **inconvenient**, line 63 below, and of **ungentleness**, line 73.

68. **you.** How used? — ABBOTT, § 223.

100. **to love.** What use of the infinitive here? — ABBOTT, § 356.

105. **Who.** Cf. III. ii. 301-320.

SCENE III.

12. **only.** See Textual Notes.
13. **a.** Equivalent to what? — ABBOTT, § 81.

SCENE IV.

5. **whiles.** Cf. II. vii. 127, and 135 below.
22. **to.** How accounted for? — ABBOTT, § 416.
148. **combine.** Meaning what? Cf.: —

“I am combined by a sacred vow.”

Measure for Measure, IV. iii. 149.

152. **how that.** Which word is redundant?
163. **to be.** What use of the infinitive? — ABBOTT, § 354.
170. **every.** Used as what part of speech here? — ABBOTT, § 12.
185. **deserves.** — ABBOTT, § 336.
189. **thy.** Why this change of pronoun?

EPILOGUE.

13. **as please.** “Abbott (§ 367) gives this as an example of ‘the subjunctive used indefinitely after the relative.’ . . . But Walker well suggests that there may be ‘a double meaning here: **as may be acceptable to you.**’” — FURNESS.

18. **that lik’d me.** Meaning what? Cf.:

“The music likes you not.”

Two Gentlemen of Verona, IV. ii. 56.

LITERARY NOTES.

Title. Perhaps suggested by a phrase in Lodge's Preface: "If you like it, so."

Dramatis Personæ. Shakespeare is partial to dukes. He substitutes here Dukes of Burgundy for Lodge's Gerismond and Torismond, lawful and usurping Kings of France. The sweet-voiced Amiens, lord of courtesy, is Shakespeare's creation, as is also the melancholy Jaques (pronounced Ja-ques). Le Beau has no prototype in Lodge's novel, but Charles figures there as "the Norman." Sir Rowland de Boys is Shakespeare's alteration of the name Sir John of Bordeaux. The three sons are known in the novel as Saladyne, Fernandine, and Rosader. The names Oliver and Orlando, chosen by Shakespeare in place of Saladyne and Rosader, are famous in French romance. Adam is known to Lodge as Adam Spencer, or, in businesslike moments, A. Spencer. Dennis, what there is of him, is new, and so are Touchstone, Sir Oliver Martext, William, Audrey, and Hymen. Shakespeare seems to have been careless in repeating the names Oliver and Jaques, and singularly free from vanity in giving his own name to the booby. Corin and Silvius figure in the novel as Coridon (taken from Virgil) and Montanus. Why did Shakespeare alter the name Montanus to Silvius? Why did he dub his fool Touchstone? Rosalind, signifying rose-sweet, Shakespeare accepts from Lodge, and also Phebe, but Celia's name in the novel is Alinda.

ACT I. — SCENE I.

The first act introduces Orlando, with his attendant figures of hostile brother and faithful old servant; then Rosalind, with her corresponding group of tyrannical uncle, devoted cousin, and, by way

of added charm, the fool for merriment. Hero and heroine meet, love, and are parted, the banished Rosalind, with Celia and Touchstone, stealing forth in disguise *en route* for the Forest of Arden.

The first scene puts us in possession of the general situation, gives us lively action, enlists our sympathy for Orlando, and, incidentally, our liking for old Adam. Compare Lodge (Introduction, pp. 14-17).

1. What is gained to the drama by Orlando's confidential outbreak to Adam? Does this occur in the novel?

2. **bequeathed.** See Textual Notes.

but poor a thousand crowns. How does this bequest differ from that of the novel? How does this difference bear upon the motives of Oliver?

3. **as thou say'st.** How much do these words suggest?

4-5. **my sadness.** What is Orlando's grievance? Is it of a creditable sort?

5. **at school,** i.e., at the university. Compare what Saladyne says (p. 15) of the "middle brother."

7. **rustically.** Suggested by Lodge's "a peasant by nurture."

8. **at home.** Cf.:—

"Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits."

Two Gentlemen of Verona, I. i. 2.

12. **manage.** Meaning what?

17. **countenance,** i.e., treatment.

19. **mines,** i.e., undermines.

23. Compare the speech as a whole with Rosader's soliloquy (p. 15). How has Shakespeare improved on his original?

25-26. As Lodge puts it, Saladyne "thought to shake him out of his dumps."

27-31. Follow the pun. "Marry," as an expletive, springs from the name of the Madonna.

34-35. **be naught a while.** While continuing the suggestions of "mar" and "make," the phrase is clearly a contemptuous dismissal, which stings Orlando to hot protest.

36. **husks.** The story of the Prodigal Son was known to Elizabethans not only from Scripture direct, but from puppet-shows ("Winter's Tale," IV. iii. 103) and tapestries ("2 Henry IV.," II. i. 157).

44-45. Explain the graceful phrases "gentle condition of blood" and "courtesy of nations."

51-82. What is the action throughout this dialogue? Compare Lodge (pp. 16-17). Has Shakespeare in any way improved upon his original? For lines 52-53 see Saladyne's speech at the bottom of p. 17.

83. **grow upon me**, i.e., exceed your prescribed station and department, and make demands on me.

84. **physic your rankness**, i.e., doctor your overgrowth.

94-95. These few light words, serving as they do to show Oliver's sudden assumption of a suave and would-be genial manner, also introduce us to the political situation which environs the action of the play.

102. **Rosalind**. Thus her name is sounded, like a preluding note of music, before she steps upon the stage. But would not Shakespeare have done better to make Oliver inquire after Celia?

105-106. **being ever from their cradles bred together**. Suggested by Lodge's "fostered up from our infancies" (p. 23). Which is the more picturesque?

108. Does the event bear this statement out?

109. A harmony the sweeter just after this discordant strife between brothers.

110-111. Apparently indicating a recent banishment.

112. **Arden**. There is a forest of Ardennes in France, and there was, in Elizabethan times, an Arden wood in Warwickshire. The name may well have been dear to Shakespeare for his mother's sake, but Lodge had used it before him.

113-115. Lines that make the modern generations homesick. As to "old Robin Hood of England," he has figured in English drama from Munday to Tennyson, enriches "Ivanhoe," but, most of all, has been "the English ballad-singer's joy:"—

"In this our spacious Isle, I think there is not one
But he of Robin Hood hath heard, and Little John;
And to the end of time the tales shall ne'er be done
Of Scarlock, George a Green, and Mudge, the miller's son,
Of Tuck, the merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their trade."

DRAYTON'S *Polyolbion*.

116-117. Dramatic anticipation and poetic suggestion have had their turn. The present action is again taken firmly in hand.

118-130. Frank enough. Compare Charles with the Norman (p. 17) in Lodge.

134. **underhand**, i.e., indirect, an open appeal being obviously useless in case of "the stubbornest young fellow of France."

148. **anatomize**, i.e., reveal in full detail.

153. **go alone**, i.e., walk without help.

156. **gamester**, i.e., one ready for frolic and game.

158-160. "In a copy of the fourth folio which formerly belonged to Steevens, he has marked these lines as descriptive of Shakespeare himself." — WRIGHT.

165. Coleridge, inclined in 1810 to call this closing speech of Oliver's "un-Shakesperian," wrote of it eight years later: "It is too venturesome to charge a passage in Shakespeare with want of truth to Nature; and yet at first sight this speech of Oliver's expresses truths which it seems almost impossible that any mind should so distinctly, so livelily, and so voluntarily have presented to itself, in connection with feelings and intentions so malignant, and so contrary to those which the qualities expressed would naturally have called forth. But I dare not say that this seeming unnaturalness is not in the nature of an abused wilfulness, when united with a strong intellect. In such characters there is sometimes a gloomy self-gratification in making the absoluteness of the will (*sit pro ratione voluntas!*) evident to themselves by setting the reason and the conscience in full array against it."

SCENE II.

THIS scene is bright with the mirthful presence of Rosalind; for although she is first presented in a moment of despondency, Celia's tender and generous affection soon dissipates the shadow. Celia takes the lead, however, in jesting with Touchstone, whose wit is not yet in its true Arden vein; but in the conversation with Orlando, Rosalind comes at once to the front. Duke Frederick shows himself ungracious and suspicious. Le Beau, a mincing fop before the ladies, bears himself sensibly enough in his warning to Orlando. For action, this scene presents the wrestling match, with Orlando's victory, and develops the sudden love between him and Rosalind. It foreshad-

ows, too, the action of the third scene. Lodge narrates the interview between Oliver and Orlando, in which Oliver urges Orlando to undertake the wrestling; the chivalric tournament at court, where Rosalind first appears, in dazzling beauty; the wrestling, which takes place within the lists, and the kindling of love (pp. 17-21). Shakespeare implies the first, omits the second, and substitutes in their place the quiet, heart-revealing talk between the cousins and their bantering of Touchstone and Le Beau. Why?

1. **sweet my coz.** Celia's own caressing way.

3-4. **more mirth than I am mistress of.** "What the courtly Le Beau had so plainly seen to be the state of the Duke's mind was not likely to have escaped Rosalind's quick, sensitive nature. She feels the cloud of her uncle's displeasure hanging over her and ready to burst at any moment. She will not pain Celia with her forebodings, who is so far from surmising the truth that these first lines she speaks are a gentle reproach to Rosalind for her want of gayety." — LADY MARTIN.

25. "She accounted love a toye, and fancie a momentary passion, that as it was taken in with a gaze, might be shaken off with a winke: and therefore feared not to dally in the flame." — LODGE (p. 21).

27. What qualities distinguish Celia from Rosalind?

28. **with safety of a pure blush.** "'With preservation of your modesty' is an abstract equivalent: but Shakespeare thinks in images." — J. C. SMITH.

31-32. A wheel does not make a housewife, unless it is the right kind of a wheel, as Shakespeare's Celia very well knew; but jest is not earnest. The mocking of Fortune has already begun. Fortune's ever-turning wheel is the emblem of her inconstancy. Vexed at finding it taken for a spinning-wheel, she may abandon it, and her inconstancy with it, henceforth bestowing her gifts equally.

37-42. Celia claims that fair women are false, and good women are homely. Does Rosalind dispute it?

Enter Touchstone. Probably in motley coat, with bells at skirts and elbows, legs clad in different colors, head hidden in a hood crested with asses' ears or the neck and head of a cock (hence the term *coxcomb*), and hand sceptred with a wooden stick surmounted

by rattle or bladder. Sometimes the fool carried a "dagger of lath," after the fashion of the Vice in the Moralities. A wallet, hanging from the girdle, served to receive the sixpences tossed the fool in return for his jests.

48. **natural**, i.e., idiot. How does Celia play upon the word? Compare III. ii. 30.

54-55. **How now, wit! whither wander you?** Perhaps sung as a snatch from some well-known ballad. Compare IV. i. 161.

59-77. An old stage-joke:—

"I have taken a wise othe on him: have I not, trow ye,
To trust such a false knave upon his honestie?"

As he is an honest man (quoth you?) he may bewray all to the kinge,
And breke his oth for this never a whit."

Damon and Pythias.

This second-hand wit makes us fear, at the outset, that Touchstone is no better than those

"country players, that old paltry jests
Pronounced in a painted motley coate;"

but Arden will make him original. This same equivocation is used by Shakespeare to strongly satiric purpose in "Richard III.," IV. iv. 366-372:—

"*King Richard.* Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

Queen Elizabeth. Profaned, dishonored, and the third usurped.

King Richard. I swear—

Queen Elizabeth. By nothing; for this is no oath:

The George, profaned, hath lost his holy honor;

The garter, blemished, pawned his knightly virtue;

The crown, usurped, disgraced his kingly glory:

If something thou wilt swear to be believed,

Swear, then, by something that thou hast not wronged."

78. Unanswered yet, for Touchstone's reply is sheer evasion.

81-82. Why does the gentle Celia speak so sharply here?

83. **taxation**, i.e., saucy satire.

90. How does Rosalind infer this?

91-92. Meaning what? See Rosalind's reply.

97. **sport**. Perhaps, in Le Beau's affected speech, pronounced *spot*.

101-102. Said or sung?

103. Celia laughs over Touchstone's dab at fine language.

105. Rosalind pricks Touchstone's swelling vanity by one of her madcap puns. Cf.:—

“Oh, my offence is rank; it smells to heaven.”

Hamlet, III. iii. 36.

106. What is there about Le Beau which impels the princesses to chaff him?

116. What in Le Beau's manner leads Celia to interrupt?

119. **bills**, meaning, in one sense, clubs; in another, labels. See Textual Notes.

121-127. Compare with Lodge's narrative of the wrestling (p. 19). In what respects has Shakespeare bettered it?

152. How does it happen that Rosalind is now so willing to stay?

168-177. Which princess employs the nobler plea?

188-189. Orlando's pathos stands him in good stead.

191-192. Meaning what?

193. Mark the grace and graciousness of the phrase.

205-206. What is Celia's notion of fair play?

208-209. In “Love in a Forest” (see Introduction, pp. 6-7) there is a blundering effort to improve this passage by the rendering: “If I had a thunder-bolt in my hand, I cou'd tell who should fall.” Show how the original is better.

220-221. How does this reflect on Frederick's character? Compare lines 230-231.

222-225. Compare Lodge (p. 21). Why did Shakespeare deviate from the novel here?

227-229. To whom spoken?

239. Meaning what?

Giving him a chain from her neck. See Textual Notes.

241. **out of suits.** Meaning what?

246. **quintain.** Orlando's mind, as his figures of speech declare, is not yet free from the impressions of the tourney and the fight. A quintain was a post, sometimes carved and painted into the formidable semblance of a Turk. As the young tilter, for practice, let drive at this accommodating image, it would swing around, under the force of the blow, and the cross-bars, sometimes shaped as arms

bearing sword and shield, would give the unwary assailant a discomfiting rap.

250. What is Celia's tone? Why does she use these particular words? Compare Lodge's account of the demeanor of the lovers (p. 21). Wherein does Shakespeare improve on the romance here?

251. **Have with you**, i.e., Come on.

254. Still Orlando's speech reflects the wrestling.

259. **condition**, i.e., disposition. Contrast Le Beau's account of the usurper with the true Duke's welcome (II. i. 1-11) of

counsellors

That feelingly persuade me what I am.

261. **humorous**, i.e., crotchety.

263-265. Does Orlando hear Le Beau's words at all?

266. Cf.: —

"Though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners."

Merchant of Venice, II. iii. 18-19.

282. What is our modern equivalent?

SCENE III.

THIS third scene (compare Lodge, pp. 21-25) effects the banishment of Rosalind. Lodge follows the wrestling and the falling in love by a noisy quarrel at Saladyne's house, Rosalind's soliloquy, confessing her love to herself, the stormy interview with the Duke, who finally includes Celia in the sentence of banishment, and the preparations for flight. Of these four, Shakespeare rejects the first as non-essential to the romantic action, and as distastefully rude and violent in itself. The second he most happily transforms from a direct and rhetorical avowal of love in soliloquy to the half-unconscious and half-unwilling revelations of the *tête-à-tête*. Yet even Lodge gives us a touch of Rosalind's playfulness in the smile with which she takes up her lute. Greatly as Shakespeare has bettered the suggestions of the novel here and in the two following dialogues, we must not ignore the lyric beauty of the "dittie" which Lodge's Rosalind sings, — an apostrophe to the winged child Cupid, the "wanton," or rogue, of classic mythology: —

"ROSALYNDS MADRIGALL.

Love in my bosome like a bee
Doth sucke his sweete :
Now with his wings he playes with me,
Now with his feete.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender brest:
My kisses are his dayly feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah wanton, will ye?

And if I sleepe, then pearcheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
He musicke playes if so I sing,
He lends me every lovely thing:
Yet cruell he my heart doth sting:
Whist wanton, still ye!

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence :
And binde you when you long to play,
For your offence.
Ile shut mine eyes to keep you in,
Ile make you fast it for your sinne,
Ile count your power not worth a pinne.
Alas, what hereby shall I winne,
If he gainsay me?

What if I beate the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He wil repay me with annoy,
Because a God.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosome be;
Lurke in my eies; I like of thee:
O Cupid, so thou pittie me,
Spare not but play thee."

1-2. **Cupid have mercy!** Compare with Rosalind's madrigal, quoted above, the picture of Cupid that Lodge paints in his poem "Glaucus and Silla:" —

"A wreath of roses hem'd his temples in,
His tresse was curld and cleere as beaten gold;
Haught were his lookes, and lovely was his skin,
Each part as pure as heaven's eternall mold,
And on his eies a milke white wreath was spred,
Which longst his backe with prettie pleits did shed.

Two daintie wings of partie coloured plumes
Adorne his shoulders dallying with the winde;
His left hand weelds a torch that ever fumes:
And in his right his bowe that fancies bind;
And on his back his quiver hangs well stored
With sundrie shaftes that sundrie hearts have gored."

4-5. Celia's own coaxing way.

6. **reasons.** Perhaps, for the pun's sake, spoken **raisins**, Elizabethan pronunciation having more or less the effect of modern Irish.

11-12. A flash of truth, and then the starting aside into a peculiarly terse and vivid utterance of a bit of very ancient wisdom.

13-15. Celia's gentle answer, accepting the evasion of the metaphor, has a note of earnest warning for her impetuous cousin.

16. **coat.** Short for petticoat.

18. **Hem them away**, i.e., Cough them up.

19-20. "A proverb? or a game? The pun is bettered by pronouncing **ha'him**. Cf. 'Taming of the Shrew,' V. ii. 181, where 'ha't' rhymes to 'Kate.'" — J. C. SMITH.

29-30. The most delicious of Rosalind's evasions. Such innocent, arch dignity of filial logic!

32. **chase.** Suggested by what word in the line above?

36-39. "The meaning here is either, '**Why** shouldn't I hate him? doth he not deserve (it) well?' (Rosalind answering the latter words as if the pronoun were omitted, and as if 'deserve' were used in a good sense); or else, 'Why shouldn't I not hate him? doth he not deserve love well?' To this view Rosalind has a shade of objection. It would be dangerous for Celia to think too much of loving Orlando for his merits." — MOBERLY.

40. What is Lodge's equivalent? (p. 23.)

43. Is Shakespeare more or less severe here than Lodge?

45-61. What qualities, intellectual and moral, does Rosalind now display?

62-63. Compare the bearing of Orlando when his father's honor is touched (I. ii. 227-229).

66-68. What suggestions here of Celia's womanly tact, and of the Duke's feeling for her?

69-70. Is this an indignant hardness toward her father's partiality, or clearness of sight to discern hypocrisy?

71. Apparently indicating that Frederick's usurpation is of years' standing. But cf. I. i. 94-115.

76. Compare the simple eloquence of Celia's heart-plea with Alinda's grandiloquent oration (p. 23, where about one-third of it is given).

77-82. Compare this reply with Torismond's Euphuistic address, and also with his soliloquy (at top of p. 23). Lodge makes the Duke's concern for himself; Shakespeare for Celia. Compare, too, with Oliver's jealous soliloquy (I. i. 155-165).

85-110. Compare the novel (p. 24). What are Shakespeare's improvements? What phrases of his here are suggested by Lodge's wording (on pp. 23-24)?

111-114. What is **umber**? Is this plan carried out? Cf. IV. iii. 88.

115-136. Compare the novel (pp. 24-25). At what points does Shakespeare deviate? Which princess takes the lead? Does Lodge's Rosalind indulge in playfulness here? In glancing reflections on life? Scan verse 128 with Celia as a trisyllable, throwing the accent of *Aliena* on the penult. Why is Touchstone more devoted to Celia than to Rosalind?

137. **content.** "With Rosalind's banishment a natural pause in the action is reached, and the First Act closes. It closes upon the word 'content,' the word which strikes the keynote of the Second Act. 'Content' is the last word that Orlando utters as he turns his back upon his brother's house. 'Content' is the burden of the exiled Duke's first speech. The lovers once safe together in Act III., a livelier sentiment begins to prevail." — J. C. SMITH.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

THE second act lies chiefly, but not entirely, in the forest of Arden. Two brief scenes return us to the "envious court" and the equally envious doors of Oliver. Although the wicked world is left behind, its troubles are not yet outworn. Rosalind's spirits and Touchstone's legs are weary, Celia sinks exhausted, Adam lies down and measures out his grave, Orlando's sword is drawn. The play is but gradually changing from the harsh realities of hatred and peril to the "golden world" where youth and beauty are to "fleet the time carelessly," with no ills save the happy "lunacy" of love. In point of action this second movement introduces the Arden groups, philosophic and pastoral, and brings first Rosalind, with Celia and Touchstone, and later Orlando, with Adam, into the greenwood destined, when the noon-hour of the third act shall strike, to witness the reunion of the lovers.

This opening scene gives us the forest, with oaks and running brooks and dappled deer, a "desert city" humanized by the musing presence of the royal exile and his "three or four loving lords." The philosophy of life "exempt from public haunt," so gravely and richly voiced by the Duke, finds, Shakespeare fashion, a burlesque echo in the "thousand similes" of the melancholy Jaques. There is no suggestion for this scene in Lodge.

1. **co-mates and brothers in exile.** A like redundancy occurs in Alinda's comforting speech to Rosalind: "Thou hast with thee, Alinda, a friend, who wil be a faithful copartner of al thy misfortunes. . . . We wil be felow mates in povertie."

2. **old custom.** Compare I. i. 110-111, and I. iii. 71.

sweet. Notice the triple occurrence of this word in these first twenty lines.

3. **painted pomp.** Study the alliteration so melodiously used throughout the scene. What instances, besides this, of alliterative epithet and noun?

5-11. See Textual Notes.

13-14. Shakespeare had authority, such as it was, for his story of the "toad-stone." "The foule Toad has a faire stone in his head." —LYLY's *Euphues*, 1579. "In this stone is apparently seene verie

often the verie forme of a tode, with despotted and coloured feete, but those uglye and confusedly." — MAPLETT'S *Green Forest*, 1567. "It is most commonly found in the head of a hee toad." — FENTON'S *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, 1569. "You shall knowe whether the Tode-stone be the ryght and perfect stone or not. Holde the stone before a Tode, so that he may see it; and if it be a ryght and true stone, the Tode will leape towarde it, and make as though he would snatch it. He envieth so much that man should have that stone." — LURTON'S *Thousand Notable Things*, 1586.

16-17. Does the alliteration here serve any purpose besides that of sweet sound? Compare lines 8 and 59.

good in everything. Contrast with the discoveries of Jaques. Compare Wordsworth's: —

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can."

18. See Textual Notes.

22. **poor dappled fools.** Compare with the other expressions used in this scene to describe deer. What is the feeling of the Duke and his "First Lord" for them? What is the feeling of Jaques?

23. Perhaps suggested by Lodge's phrase, "Citizens of Wood." Compare line 55.

24. **forked heads**, i.e., arrows, not horns.

30. How far has Gray elaborated the picture?

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by."

31. "Observe the rare and beautiful vowel-alliteration. Cf. Milton, 'Paradise Lost,' VIII. i.: —

"The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear."

J. C. SMITH.

32. What is the peculiar value of the alliteration here?

38. **tears.** Here, again, Shakespeare voices a current error. "The Hart weepeth at his dying: his teares are held to be precious in medicine." — DRAYTON'S *Polyolbion*. "At last the hart laid him

donne, and the hounds seized upon him: he groned, and wept, and dyed." — *Return from Parnassus*.

57. With a glancing thought, perhaps, of Shakespeare's father, who, from being a man of substance and position, was, in 1592, so dragged down by losses as to hide himself away from his fellow-townsmen, not daring to go to church "for feare of processe for debt." It would seem that Shakespeare had already restored the family fortunes, but the memory of the world's "fashion" toward the "poor and broken bankrupt" might be bitter yet.

65-66. "Jaques died, we know not how, or when, or where; but he came to life again a century later, and appeared in the world as an English clergyman; we need stand in no doubt as to his character, for we all know him under his later name of Lawrence Sterne. . . . In Arden he wept and moralised over the wounded deer; and at Namport his tears and sentiment gushed forth for the dead donkey." — DOWDEN.

SCENE II.

THIS brief court-scene, an effective contrast to the foregoing, not only seals the escape of the princesses, but anticipates both the flight of Orlando and the exile of Oliver. Observe (pp. 31-32) how Shakespeare varies from his original.

2-3. What quality of Frederick's disposition is here displayed?

7. **untreasur'd**. This word is the poetry of the scene.

8. **roynish**, i.e., scurvy, contemptible.

16. What light does this conjecture throw on the "gentlewoman"? It should be remembered, too, how she acquired her information.

19. **suddenly**, i.e., at once.

20. **inquisition**. See Grammatical Notes.

21. **runaways**. Does the "humorous Duke" forget that Rosalind is banished on peril of her life? The "First Lord" does not forget. Compare lines 1 and 4.

SCENE III.

THIS scene is rich in feeling of a simple, plain, religious sort. The quavering, agitated voice of the noble old servant, a happy contrast

to Hisperia, almost drowns for our ears the frank and manly utterances of Orlando's dismay, despair, and grateful courage. Shakespeare secures the action essential to the dramatic plot, Orlando's enforced departure for Arden, without the needless complexity, violence, and turmoil of Lodge's story (pp. 28-29). Is Adam the same in both versions? In which does Orlando appear to better advantage?

1. Orlando's startled outcry suggests what situation?

2. **gentle**. Note Adam's iteration of this epithet, and compare Lodge's characterization of Rosader (p. 16) as "of a milde and curteous nature."

3-4. Has Adam referred to Sir Rowland before?

5. On which of the two does Adam's loyalty to Orlando reflect more credit?

7. **fond**, i.e., foolish.

8. **prizer**, i.e., prize-fighter.

13. The paradox in terms well emphasizes the strangeness of the fact.

14-15. "The figure appears to be that of putting on a garment, like the shirt of Nessus, or that sent by Medea to Jason's new wife." — ALLEN.

26. Was this an eaves-dropping like Hisperia's?

27. **place**, i.e., abiding-place.

35. Although a hero of romance, Orlando has principles.

38-55. What qualities of Adam are shown here?

57-58. "For poetic purposes, at least, Shakespeare adopts the fiction of 'the good old times.' In the 'Sonnets' he again speaks of the 'old age' as a time of primitive simplicity and truth: —

"In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true." *Sonnet lxxviii.*"

J. C. SMITH.

63-68. Orlando's tendency to pathos, exhibited before in I., ii., 178-187, is saved from weakness by his elastic spirits and youthful energy.

69-76. This scene is old Adam's, and we may be sure that Orlando does not grudge him the flourish of the final speech.

SCENE IV.

AFTER the serious pathos of the foregoing scene, it is delightful to come upon this gallant little group, who flout misfortune with such merry jests that they themselves forget their own calamities. It is true that Celia, less made of air and fire than Rosalind, cannot revive on puns or love-talk, but the prospect of pastoral housekeeping brightens her at once. It is all absurd, of course, — these masquerading, foot-sore princesses making not a single inquiry for the royal exile they have come so far to seek, and buying a sheep-farm offhand out of purses whose emptiness Touchstone has just been deriding, but "this is the forest of Arden." And unlikely as the situation may be, the dialogue convinces. The speakers are as real as fun and fatigue can make them. Compare the unrelieved sentimentality and stilted rhetoric of Lodge (pp. 25-28).

1. We will hope that Rosalind indulges in her oaths out of a sense of what is due to "doublet and hose."

2-3. What is the suggested action?

12. A cross stamped the silver coins of Elizabeth.

15-17. Touchstone's philosophy is in bud already.

24-28. As Lodge has Montanus put it in the "pleasant eglog" (see p. 26): —

"Ah Coridon, though many be thy yeares,
And crooked elde hath some experience left,
Yet is thy mind of judgement quite bereft,
In view of love, whose power in me appeares.

.

But I (whom nature makes of tender mold,
And youth most pliant yeelds to fancies fire)
Do build my haven and heaven on sweet desire,
On sweet desire more deere to me than gold."

40. This love-distracted swain is not suffered to remain long on the stage. Touchstone's wicked grimaces of sympathy, too, shield us from too acute a sense of Silvius.

42-44. Touchstone echoes Rosalind's sigh, and thus makes of it quite a different matter.

47. **batler.** A short, stout staff for beating out the clothes on washing-day.

48. **chopt**, i.e., chapped.

49. **peascod.** Famed in the annals of English rustic love: —

“The peascod greene oft with no little toyle
Hee’d seeke for in the fattest fertil’st soile,
And rend it from the stalke to bring it to her,
And in her bosome for acceptance wooe her.”

BROWNE’S *Britannia’s Pastorals*.

50. **Cods.** The pods, to be worn as ornaments.

“He [Richard II.] also used a peascod branch with the cods open, but the peas out, as it is upon his robe in his monument at Westminster.” — CAMDEN’S *Remains*, 1614.

her. Touchstone, “of imagination all compact,” as beseems one of Shakespeare’s lovers, takes the plant for Jane Smile, just as he had taken the stone for a rival.

51. **weeping tears.** So, in all seriousness, says Rosader, in one of the sonnets with which he regaled Aliena and Ganimedè under the “figge trees” (p. 34): —

“In sorrowes cell I layd me doune to sleepe,
But waking woes were jealous of mine eyes,
They made them watch, and bend themselves to weepe,
But weeping teares their want could not suffice.”

53. **mortal in folly**, i.e., “mortal foolish.”

54. **ware**, i.e., aware.

56. **be ware**, i.e., beware.

59. **stale.** Touchstone has yet to meet his Audrey.

62. **clown.** Touchstone betrays his own clownishness.

64. This exchange flatly disproves Touchstone’s subsequent boasts to Corin as to the superiority of court manners, III. ii. 31–42.

65–66. Note how the gentleness of Rosalind’s address transforms the old shepherd’s quiet dignity into cordial kindness.

70–71. Compare Lodge’s equivalent expression (p. 26).

72–73. Could Lord Chesterfield have replied more courteously?

76–78. The tone of grave and reflective old age, already viewing this world by lights cast from the next.

79. **bounds of feed**, i.e., range of pasture.

90. **And we will mend thy wages.** If Rosalind has the quick wit and prompt decision, it is Celia who takes thought for the old shepherd's comfort.

91. **waste**, i.e., spend. Celia feels better.

92-96. A sagacious and prudent old shepherd, who would not have these headlong young strangers make a rash bargain. For **feeder** see Textual Notes. For the conduct of this sudden purchase, compare Lodge's account (pp. 27-28). How is it that Aliena takes the lead in the novel, and Ganymede in the play?

SCENE V.

A LYRIC interlude which might have been of pure poetic charm, had not Shakespeare chosen to offset the exquisite carol, bird-sweet and human-plaintive as it is, with the harsh mockery of Monsieur Jaques, now first brought upon the stage in person. But it is pleasant to see how his egotistic greed for sensations and ill-mannered humor for eccentricity fail to trouble the blithe courtesy of young Lord Amiens.

18. **stanzo.** A word new from Italy.

26. **encounter of two dog-apes**, i.e., mopping and mowing of two monkeys.

28. **beggarly**, i.e., beggarlike.

30. **cover**, i.e., set the table.

46. **in despite of my invention.** "As imagination would do nothing for me, I spited it by the following choice composition." — MOBERLY.

57. See Textual Notes.

58. **Greek.** Jaques as an instructor is misleading.

60. **all the first-born of Egypt.** Or anybody else.

61. **banquet.** Dessert, for the Duke is to "drink," not dine, under the tree: —

"We'll dine in the great room, but let the music
And banquet be prepared here."

MASSINGER'S *Unnatural Combat*, III. 1.

SCENE VI.

BRIEFLY handled, as necessary to the plot, but not of romantic suggestion. Mark the various ways in which Shakespeare has humanized Lodge's narrative (pp. 29-30), which borders here on the ridiculous.

2. Cf.:—

“And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.”

Romeo and Juliet, III. iii. 70-71.

3. Adam is hard upon “the last gasp” of his promise.

5. Who is the comforter in the novel?

13. **thou look'st cheerly.** Poor old Adam forces a smile in recognition of what pleasantry on Orlando's part?

SCENE VII.

THE second act has already established Rosalind and her party as householders in Arden. It is evidently bound to make, before closing, some equally comfortable provision for Orlando and Adam. Shakespeare does not lay Lodge's stress on good cheer, but he will not have his lovers go hungry to the courtship of the following acts. As a background for Orlando's desperate invasion, which is softened and poetically enriched from Lodge's narrative (pp. 30-31), stands the memorable converse of Jaques and the Duke. The worldly wisdom of the self-complacent cynic, so sternly and yet so quietly rebuked by the Duke, is strangely and suggestively at variance with the forest setting.

5-7. The clear-eyed Duke has no false estimate of Jaques, but enjoys the intellectual stimulus of his talk. Even cynicism has a humorous charm of its own in Arden.

9. **monsieur.** Why is Jaques so addressed by his companions?

11. The Duke is surprised. Jaques's usual pose is melancholy.

13. “Even at the height of his mirth Jaques remembers to interject a groan.” — J. C. SMITH.

15-16. A philosopher of the stamp of Touchstone or Jaques never

rails on Lady Fortune in such good set terms as when himself basking in the sun.

19. "Fortune favors fools" is an old proverb.

20. **poke**, i.e., wallet.

22-28. Touchstone's Arden wit is not commonly of this "lack-lustre" sort. With the keenness of a professional fool, he was adapting himself to his auditor. This mystery of change, so absurdly propounded here, makes the tragic burden of Shakespeare's marvelous series of sonnets. Where is the pun?

30. Cf.: "You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock." — *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II. i., 28.

32-33. Is there a laughable element in the situation which Jaques does not perceive?

39. Cf.: —

"Now and then breaks a dry biscuit jest,
Which, that it may more easily be chewed,
He steeps in his own laughter."

JONSON'S *Every Man out of his Humour*. Prologue.

40-42. According to Elizabethan physiology, a dry brain "receiveth slowly the feeling and printing of things," but "keepeth them long in minde." So Touchstone's retentive brain has odd nooks and corners crammed with the knowledge gained by his experience, an "observation" of life which he vents in queer, disjointed phrases. What is the dramatic irony in Jaques's exclamation: "O that I were a fool"?

44. Where is the pun?

45-52. "Whiter noted that 'suit' here in Jaques's mind suggested 'weed'; it did not, perhaps, come within the scope of his special association to note that 'weed' in turn suggested 'rank growth' in the next line. And may we not carry on the association and fill out the picture, and see the gaudy blossoms bending in 'the wind' that 'blows on whom it pleases,' along the summer pathway to the 'Parish Church'?" — FURNESS.

53-57. The wise man, struck by a fool's glancing satire, would best conceal his smart. If he winces, all men know that he is hit. His vulnerable spot is made manifest.

58-63. Does Jaques's own view of life qualify him for teaching

others how to live? He would, in his mocking fashion, bet a "counter" — a metal disk of less value than a penny — that his medicine would purge humanity. The Duke claims that it would be a poison.

64-69. Jaques has chosen, in his own experience, to know the base and evil side of life, and now he will not believe that there is a better knowledge than his.

70-71. Jaques dodges the rebuke with a dexterity like that of Falstaff. The Duke has said that the wisdom fetched by Jaques out of his profligate past would prove a foul and mischievous wisdom to the world. Jaques inconsequently retorts, with a triumphant flow of words, that he is not proposing to attack individuals, and so his tongue will do no wrong.

72. Largely suggestive.

79-82. "Suppose I say that mean fellows should not be smart, and suppose any such person, the lowest of the low, tells me he does not dress at my expense, he only proves that the cap fits." — MOBERLY.

87. Orlando's arrival is perhaps opportune for Jaques. "Still, I would fain put in a good word for the humorist, who, whether from his own fierce though now exhausted passions, or from the world's cold manners and hard treatment, has conceived a disgust for society as it is for the most part to be met with, will never venture deep into its treacherous waters, but is content to skirt the margin, within reach of retirement at any time, and the more crowded company of his own thoughts." — LLOYD.

88-93. Note that Jaques, who could shed tears for the distress of the deer, has only scoffs for that human trouble which the Duke so readily divines.

96. **inland bred.** Why should inland breeding imply "smooth civility"?

98. **fruit.** Why not meat? See II. v. 61. Compare Lodge (p. 30).

100. **I must die.** "For leaving off dinner is an absolute impossibility (to the great reformer and satirist, who had just now proposed to go to sleep just before it was ready)." — MOBERLY.

101-108. How does Orlando's bearing here compare with Rosader's (p. 30-31)?

109-125. Compare these two speeches verse for verse, noting how to the beauty of Orlando's suggestions, the Duke, in repetition, gives touches of still higher grace.

126-134. Compare with Lodge (p. 31). Note in II. iii. 39 and 67 expressions similar to **weak evils** (131).

138. **All the world's a stage.** A thought as old as the stage. Shakespeare's theatre, the Globe, bore the motto: *Totus mundus agit histrionem*. One of his fellow dramatists, Thomas Heywood, has expanded the suggestion in a passage not without spirit and dignity: —

“The world's a theater, the earth a stage,
Which God and nature doth with actors fill:
Kings have their entrance in due equipage,
And some their parts play well, and others ill.
The best no better are (in this theater)
Where every humor's fitted in his kinde;
This a true subject acts, and that a traytor,
The first applauded, and the last confin'd;
This plaies an honest man, and that a knave,
A gentle person this, and he a clowne,
One man is ragged, and another brave:
All men have parts, and each man acts his owne.
She a chaste lady acteth all her life;
A wanton curtezan another playes;
This covets marriage love, that nuptial strife;
Both in continual action spend their dayes:
Some citizens, some soldiers, borne to adventer,
Sheepherds and sea-men. Then our play's begun
When we are borne, and to the world first enter,
And all find exits when their parts are done.
If then the world a theater present,
As by the roundnesse it appears most fit,
Built with starre galleries of hye ascent,
In which Jehove doth as spectator sit,
And chiefe determiner to applaud the best,
And their indevours crowne with more than merit;
But by their evill actions dooms the rest
To end disgrac't, whilst others praise inherit;
He that denyes then theaters should be,
He may as well deny a world to me.”

142. **seven ages.** Shakespeare may have had in mind some picture representing, as certain old woodcuts do, the various ages of man

typified by appropriate figures on ascending and descending steps. Here the infant, schoolboy, and lover would be mounting, the soldier "now standing on the top of happy hours," and the justice, ancient, and dotard coming down. Note how coolly Jaques puts himself on one side, as a privileged spectator of the play of human life, and with what whimsical contempt he passes in review mewling baby, whining lad, the lover who worships an eyebrow, the soldier who risks life for a bubble, fat judge, piping grandsire, and that ghastly last stage of "second childishness and mere oblivion." But note the masterly hand of the artist, — how graphic the pictures, how keen the characterization, how terse the phrasing. Howells has found the title of a novel here, as Thomas Hardy did in *Amiens'* song in scene v.

168-169. And herewith we take our leave of Adam, hoping that he and Corin made friends in the forest. Lodge's novel finds further space for him (pp. 38 and 48).

173-189. Is the song glad or sad? Compare it with the preceding.

191. **whisper'd.** "By the use of this word we are artfully told that the Duke and Orlando had carried on a subdued conversation during the music. How old this practice is, and what vitality it has!" — FURNESS.

192-193. Another indication that Orlando is indeed the "memory of old Sir Rowland."

ACT III. — SCENE I.

THE third act is the climax, not only of the dramatic action, in that the lovers meet again, but of mirth and romantic beauty. Rosalind reigns, with Touchstone for her prime minister. Banter abounds. Touchstone matches wit with Corin, and Jaques with Orlando; Rosalind teases her lover, and Celia teases Rosalind; while the criss-cross woes of Phebe and Silvius furnish fresh food for merriment. But through all the fun and frolic Rosalind's love burns bright. More than ever she is the star of the stage, dimming both Orlando and Celia. Touchstone and Jaques, in their more distant orbits, suffer less.

The first scene alone lies beyond the limits of Arden, and is of the briefest, serving simply to assure us that Oliver's sins against Orlando are, in due dramatic measure, visited upon himself. Compare

Lodge (pp. 31-32). What marked deviation from his original has Shakespeare made here? What difference in the sentence? Where has Shakespeare already made use of Lodge's sentence against Saladyne?

1. **since.** Since what?
2. Has Duke Frederick a correct opinion of himself?
6. **Seek him with candle.** What is the allusion?
15. **More villain thou.** Is Duke Frederick a fit person to condemn unbrotherly conduct?
16. **of such a nature,** i.e., of such a kind, — sheriffs.
17. **Make an extent,** i.e., appraise and seize.
18. **expediently,** i.e., expeditiously.

SCENE II.

THIS scene, the centre of the play, opens with a slightly absurd glimpse of Orlando. His deeds, with one exception, are over. Henceforth, except for the slaying of the lion, he has nothing more important to do than, as at present, carve very indifferent love verses on the Arden trees. The state of his heart has been veiled from us, however, since the second scene of the first act, and it is well to be assured that his passion holds. Then Touchstone emerges from the forest shades, chaffing old Corin. Their wise discussion of the comparative advantages of court and city is silenced by the entrance of Rosalind. She reads out one of Orlando's poems, at which Touchstone scoffs. The fool is chidden, but Rosalind herself makes a transparent pretence of deriding another "tedious homily of love," which her cousin has found. At Celia's tantalizing hints of Orlando's presence in the forest, Rosalind's impatience exceeds all bounds. Her lively play of feeling and imagination, her sweetness and archness, her reserve and her abandon, show at their best in this swift colloquy. The laughing girls lurk in the green shadows, while Jaques pries in vain into Orlando's love-affairs. Then comes that culmination to which the scene and, indeed, all the first half of the play have been tending, when Rosalind, trusting in her disguise, comes jauntily forth from her concealment, accosts this purblind lover, gains his reluctant ear, wins the confidence denied to Jaques, and begins, by her triumphant device of the make-believe courtship,

to prepare for that bridal toward which the second half of the play is to tend. Compare Lodge (pp. 32-34). What suggestions given here by Lodge does Shakespeare catch up and elaborate? It must be admitted that Orlando's verses fall far below the best of Rosader's, as this:—

“ROSALYNDES DESCRIPTION.

Like to the cleere in highest spheare
Where all imperiall glorie shines,
Of selfe same colour is her haire,
Whether unfolded, or in twines:
Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

Her eyes are Saphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wincke;
The gods do feare when as they glow,
And I doo tremble when I thinke:
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her chekes are lyke the blushing clowde
That bewtifies Auroraes face,
Or lyke the silver crimsin shrowde,
That Phœbus' smiling lookes doth grace:
Heigh ho, faire Rosalynd.

Her lippes are like two budded roses,
Whome ranckes of lillies neighbour nie,
Within which bounds she balme incloses,
Apt to intice a Deitie:
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her necke, like to a stately tower,
Where Love himselfe imprisoned lies,
To watch for glaunces every houre,
From her devine and sacred eyes:
Heigh ho, faire Rosalynd.

With Orient pearle, with Rubie red,
With Marble white, with Saphire blew,
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view:
Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

Heigh ho, my heart, would God that she were mine!”

1-10. How many apostrophes break from Orlando in this one speech? On **thrice-crowned** (2) Johnson says: "Alluding to the triple character of Proserpina, Cynthia, and Diana, given by some mythologists to the same goddess, and comprised in these memorial lines: —

‘Terret, lustrat, agit; Proserpina, Luna, Diana;
Ima, superna, feras; sceptro, fulgore, sagittis.’”

On **huntress’ name** (4) compare Lodge: "Is shee [Rosalind] some Nymph that wayts upon Dianaes traine, whose chastitie thou hast deciphred in such Epethites?" For the carving of love-poems on trees (9-10) there is pastoral example as old as Virgil (see Eclogue x. 53). One of the daintiest instances occurs in Day's drama, "The Parliament of Bees," where the lover described is bee, not man: —

“On each bough
And tender blossom he engraves her name
With his sharp sting: to Arethusa's fame
He consecrates his actions; all his worth
Is only spent to character her forth.
On damask roses and the leaves of pines
I have seen him write such amorous moving lines
In Arethusa's praise, as my poor heart
Has, when I read them, envied her desert.”

21. "Have you enough philosophy to make you understand the elementary truth that whatever is, isn't? No, replies Corin, I have not yet got further than the doctrine that whatever is, is." — **MOBERLY.**

28. **complain of good breeding**, i. e., of the want of good breeding.

30. **natural**, i. e., idiotic, but with a play on the word.

33. **damn'd**. Any anachronism here?

35-36. What does Touchstone mean by this?

38-42. Where is the flaw in the logic?

51. **fells**. Meaning what?

64. **perpend**. See Grammatical Notes.

69. **God make incision in thee**. "The expression probably alludes to the common proverbial saying, concerning a very silly fellow, that he ought to be cut for the simples." — **HEATH.**

71-75 Compare Pope's lines on Solitude:—

"Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day."

89. **fair.** See Grammatical Notes.

92. **rank to market.** See Textual Notes.

105-106. Compare Lodge: "Happily she resembleth the Rose, that is sweete, but full of prickles."

109. How is it that Rosalind finds the fool dull just here?

113. **medlar.** Rosalind plays upon the word, which, in its immediate sense, designates a European fruit, something like a flat-topped apple, palatable only when fully ripe.

116-117. The putter-down of old Corin is himself put down. In vain he casts about under that fool's cap of his for a better pun and a keener retort.

119. Rosalind orders the parodist out of hearing, but it takes Celia's command (line 154) to fairly get rid of him.

123. **civil.** In opposition to **desert.**

124-127. See Psalm xxix. 6.

134-135. Compare Lodge: "She was the paragon of all earthly perfection."

142. Orlando holds athletics in honor.

144. **of many parts,** i.e., Helen's beauty, Cleopatra's queenliness, Atalanta's elasticity of strength, and Lucretia's virtue.

145. **synod.** Used by Lodge: "The fates have set down in their synod to make thee unhappy."

150-152. As a poetic critic Rosalind seems, after all, to be taking

her cue from Touchstone. No wonder that his gleeful grimace peers forth from the bushes, and calls down on him a fresh dismissal.

172-173. **Pythagoras.** An early Greek philosopher, supposed to have originated the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, for which see Ovid, "Met." xv. Compare with the allusion here "Merchant of Venice," IV. i. 131, and "Twelfth Night," IV. ii. 54-62.

an Irish rat. Sidney, Ben Jonson, and other Elizabethans allude to the popular belief that rats could be rhymed to death. Compare Browning's "Pied Piper" and Ibsen's "Little Eyolf."

178. Is this Rosalind's first suspicion of the truth?

188-189. **out of all hooping.** See Textual Notes.

190. **Good my complexion!** "In the name of all my good looks!" — MOBERLY. "Rosalind adjures her blushes not to betray her." — J. C. SMITH. Which is the better interpretation?

192-193. One inch of delay more is to my impatience as great as the width of the South-sea to eager men on a voyage of discovery.

207-208. Rosalind begs Celia to be serious, — and Rosalind never begs Celia in vain.

212-213. What is the accompanying action and facial expression?

218. **Gargantua.** The giant of Rabelais (Bk. I. chap. xxxviii.), who swallowed five pilgrims, with their staves, at one gulp.

225. **atomies**, i.e., motes.

229. The oak was sacred to Jupiter.

246-249. Jaques is disposed to indulge himself in his favorite humor of brusquerie, but Orlando disconcerts him by imitation.

250. See Textual Notes.

252-255. Jaques tries a thrust nearer home, but with no better success.

256-262. Proudly reticent in face of this cynical curiosity, but flashing out at last into a retort far more poetical than his tree-carven verses, Orlando acquits himself well.

263-265. Goldsmiths' wives, like Jane Shore in Heywood's "Edward IV.," often kept shop for their husbands. It was an Elizabethan fashion to inscribe rings with love-mottoes.

267-268. Compare: —

"As upon my bed I musing lay,
The chamber hanged with painted cloth, I found
Myself with 'sentences' beleaguered round."

TAYLOR'S *Uncertain Journey*, 1653.

“Read what is written on the painted cloth :
Do no man wrong—Be good unto the poor—
Beware the mouse, the maggot, and the moth—
And—Ever have an eye upon the door.”

No Whipping nor Tripping, 1601.

272-273. The best words by which to remember Orlando.

277-278. Jaques, who is accustomed to have his society courted, and who is himself attracted to Orlando, can explain the young for-ester's indifference to him only on one theory.

281. How is it that Jaques falls so easily into Orlando's trap?

284-287. They part with low ironical bows.

288-290. Rosalind has recovered her self-possession, which apparently forsook her at the sight of Orlando. But the melancholy lover has already turned his back, and she is obliged to call after him.

291. **Very well.** Orlando, fresh from his encounter with Jaques, is still on the defensive.

292. Why does Rosalind ask this?

294. Compare Lodge: “The Sunne and our stomackes are Shep-herds dials” (p. 34).

295-297. Compare Lodge: “For Love measures every minute, and thinkes houres to bee dayes, and dayes to bee monthes, till they feede they eyes with the sight of theyr desired object.”

298. Is this the answer Rosalind desired?

305. Is the reference here to speed or a rough, disquieting pace? Compare 309-323.

324. The sprightly prattle of the boy has at last won Orlando's interest.

326. “The simile, suggested by **skirts**, is thoroughly feminine. Shakespeare's women talk like women. So Imogen says (“Cymbeline,” I. i. 167):—

‘I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back.’”

J. C. SMITH.

328. **cony**, i.e., rabbit.

329. **kindled**, i.e., littered.

330-331. Orlando begins to scan the page too closely. Rosalind hastens to divert his thoughts to the magnetic subject of women.

333. **an old religious uncle.** Is this a reference to Duke Frederick?

334. **inland.** Compare II. vii. 96-97.

336-337. **I thank God I am not a woman.** Rosalind delights in thus playing with her secret. Compare 371-373.

350. **fancy-monger**, i.e., dealer in love.

351-352. **quotidian**, i.e., daily chills and fever, a malady especially apt to befall lovers.

357. **cage of rushes.** Here, as in **fancy-monger**, Rosalind speaks lightly and incredulously of love. Why?

359-360. **a blue eye.** The reference is to the livid look beneath the eyes, induced by pain or sorrow.

unquestionable. See Grammatical Notes.

362-363. How about Orlando's beard? And does Rosalind's tongue almost betray her here?

367-369. Does Rosalind at heart approve or disapprove of Orlando's dress?

370-371. Why should Orlando care to make this forest boy believe in his sincerity?

380-381. Is Rosalind still teasing, or does her heart beat hard as she awaits the answer?

384-389. This answer throws light, as does Malvolio's experience in "Twelfth Night," on the Elizabethan treatment of insanity.

394. **moonish**, i. e., as full of changes as the moon.

405-406. The liver was anciently regarded as the seat of the passions, and the pastoral simile is appropriate to the assumed character of Rosalind.

407-411. How does Rosalind meet Orlando's refusal? and what is it that induces his sudden, almost violent, consent? Is his oath well chosen in this connection?

417. It is well to be reminded of Celia. Has Orlando been hitherto unaware of her presence? Why does he not recognize her as the princess? Is she in any way an addition to this scene between Rosalind and Orlando? Could Rosalind have gone through it without her?

SCENE III.

WE have seen true love in Arden, — now for its burlesque.

Audrey. “Touchstone is not in love, but he will have a mistress as a subject for the exercise of his grotesque humour and to show his contempt for the passion by his indifference about the person.” — HAZLITT.

2. **goats.** Why not sheep?

4. **features.** Touchstone’s language is too lofty for Audrey.

6-8. The very bad pun on **goats** and **Goths** is emphasized by the word **capricious**. How?

9-10. “For the allusion to the story of Philemon and Baucis, compare “Much Ado About Nothing,” II. i. 99.” — ROLFE.

14. **a great reckoning in a little room**, i. e., a large bill in a small inn.

16-17. “In ‘As You Like It,’ Rosalind — lovely, arch, passionate, tender Rosalind — is not more real than Audrey — ignorant, humble, delightfully stupid Audrey. Not a word that Rosalind utters, and we think that she is among the most charming of Mrs. Kemble’s impersonations, is more clearly impressed on our minds than the ineffable ignorance and stupidity expressed in Audrey’s manner of uttering these words.” — ANONYMOUS.

18-21. Touchstone, in his heresy about poetry, has no less distinguished company than Duke Theseus in “The Midsummer Night’s Dream.”

22-23. What is Audrey’s feeling for Touchstone?

25. **honest**, i. e., chaste.

28-29. **hard-favor’d**, i. e., ugly.

31. “A fool with matter in him.” — JOHNSON.

35. **Foul**, as Touchstone uses it, means **dirty**, but as poor, puzzled Audrey repeats the word, her meaning is **homely**.

36-37. Audrey has her own touch of pride. She is not a slut. But why does she thank the gods for her lack of beauty?

41. **Sir Oliver Martext**. This title was the due of knights, baronets, and bachelors of arts, but there is sad ground for suspecting that this Martext was only a hedge-priest, ungraced by university degree. Is there anything amiss in this talk of the gods and a vicar?

73. When had Jaques and Touchstone met before?

74. For what purpose has Jaques bared his head?

90. With what motive does Jaques interfere?

100-102. Hedge-parson or not, one likes Sir Oliver for his sturdy determination, even while the scrap of ballad so saucily sung by the "fantastical knave" still echoes in his ears.

SCENE IV.

It is, perhaps, the morrow morning, and Orlando is late to his appointment. Fevered with anxiety lest he fail her altogether, Rosalind, already in tears, fretfully puts by Celia's proffered comfort. As wise as she is gentle, Celia so fashions her answers as to give that impetuous little princess something more tangible than her own doubts to combat. Love dreads only the traitor in the camp. Against Celia's insinuations Rosalind defends Orlando with a spirit that effectually revives her own drooping courage. But the waiting has been so intolerable that she catches eagerly at Corin's proposed diversion.

2-3. A half-smile glints through Rosalind's tears at this.

7-8. "Hair of the colour of gold denotes a *treacherous* person, having a good understanding, but mischievous; red hair, enclining to black, signifies a *deceitful* and malicious person." — SAUNDERS, *Physiognomie and Chiromancie*, 1671.

8. Judas was commonly represented in mediæval paintings and tapestries as red-haired, either as a symbol of treachery or merely because red hair, until Queen Elizabeth glorified it, was counted ugly.

16. **cast.** Probably **cast off.** It is not a reverential suggestion, but Celia is teasing.

19-20. Celia's ironical and extreme agreements exhaust Rosalind's defences, and throw her back on her original complaint.

25. "A goblet with its cover on is a better emblem of hollowness than with it off." — DEIGHTON.

34-38. Rosalind's unfilial expressions here are not to be taken seriously. She cannot cut short this delightful masquerade by revealing herself just yet. Why did the Duke inquire about her parentage? Compare Lodge (p. 45).

41. **traverse**, "like an unskilful tilter, who breaks his staff across instead of striking it full against his adversary's shield and so splitting it lengthwise." — WRIGHT.

46-58. This strand of Silvius and Phebe and her perverse passion for the disguised princess is woven by Shakespeare into his plot earlier than by Lodge. Compare the novel (p. 40), and note especially the brilliant costume and elegant language of the shepherdess.

SCENE V.

SHAKESPEARE makes less of Phebe than does Lodge. Compare the novel (pp. 40-42). The law of dramatic proportion obliges the playwright to subordinate this entire episode. It lies midway between the romantic love-plots and their burlesque. Shakespeare rids himself in part of the pastoral conventionality and sentimentality so cloying in the novel, but not wholly. His shepherd and shepherdess are poetic rather than actual. How far has Shakespeare borrowed characterization, situation, and plot from his predecessor?

1-3. Compare Lodge:—

“ Phœbe sate,
Sweet she sate,
Sweet sate Phœbe when I saw her,
White her brow,
Coy her eye,
Brow and eye, how much you please me!
Words I spent,
Sighes I sent;
Sighes and words could never draw hir.
Oh my love,
Thou art lost,
Since no sight could ever ease thee.”

3-7. Elizabethan chronicles and dramas give many examples of this.

8. “This *hysteron proteron* is by no means uncommon: its meaning is, of course, the same as live and die, i.e., subsist from the cradle to the grave.” — ARROWSMITH.

9-19. Phebe's vigorous common-sense attests her inexperience in love.

22. See Textual Notes.

23. **capable impressure**, i.e., perceptible mark.

27-31. An instance of dramatic anticipation.

31-35. Cupid takes up the challenge. The entrance of Rosalind in doublet and hose, close on this rash asseveration, makes a dramatic situation.

38-39. Dramatic justice. The disdainful is requited with disdain.

41. Why, indeed?

43. **sale-work**, i.e., ordinary, ready-made shop-ware.

Rosalind, gleeful in this new development, is reminded of her disguise, and lets loose another of her masquerading oaths.

46-47. "In the old age black was not counted fair." — *Sonnet cxxvii*. Queen Elizabeth's auburn locks set the fashion for beauty of the blond type, rather than the brunette. **bugle**, i.e., black like beads.

64-65. This new tone in Rosalind, sharp though the scolding sounds, is music in the ears of Phebe, who, but a few minutes since, loved only her own song: —

"Downe a downe,

Thus Phyllis sung

By fancie once distressed:

Who so by foolish love are stung,

Are worthily oppressed.

And so sing I, with downe, a downe, a downe a."

LODGE.

73-74. To whom, Silvius or Phebe, does Rosalind give this direction to her house, and why?

80-81. See Introduction, p. 4.

84. Why this change in Phebe's manner toward Silvius?

98-103. This is the tone of Lodge's willing martyr, Montanus.

107. **carlot**, i.e., carle or churl. Does this term accord with what we have heard of this landowner already?

109-118. "Shakespeare contrives to give at once an exquisite description of Rosalind's person and of the state of Phœbe's heart, vacillating as it is between passion and pride. Her resentment is not all assumed, for some of Rosalind's taunts have gone home." — J. C. SMITH.

119-122. Compare Lodge (p. 18).

135. Does Silvius suspect the double-dealing? Compare Lodge (p. 42).

ACT IV. — SCENE I.

THE function of this brief fourth act is to lead from the dramatic climax, the meeting — although Orlando's eyes are holden — of the severed lovers, to Rosalind's revelation of herself, and their happy bridal, attended by three Arden bridals more. Thus we have a representative scene of the mock courtship, culminating in mock marriage, a forest interlude, continued development of the pastoral sub-plot, and the advent, none too soon, of Celia's destined bridegroom, the banished and penitent Oliver.

The first scene opens with a vivid contrast between the life-jaded cynic and the fresh youth of Rosalind. Orlando, again late to his appointment, is, by way of punishment, ignored at first by the high-spirited little lady in doublet and hose, who relents only to give him a stormy session, assailing men in general and Orlando in particular with her liveliest raillery, and finally turning her wayward wit on her own sex. There are intervening moments of coaxing sweetness and involuntary tenderness, and, when Orlando is fairly out of sight, Rosalind eases her over-flowing heart by flinging herself on the neck of the long-suffering Celia, who is really becoming bored. It is high time that Oliver arrive. Compare Lodge (pp. 34-35).

1-2. Jaques is an investigator of life, and every human specimen arouses his curiosity.

3. Rosalind apparently edges away. Her consciousness of her disguise renders her uneasy under scrutiny.

5-7. Here, as with Phebe, Rosalind has something more than the courage of her convictions.

10-19. "Jaques does not meet Rosalind's criticism any more than he met the Duke's (II. vii., 70), but by way of answer enlarges fondly on his own pet affectation. This passage is decisive as to the nature of his malady." — J. C. SMITH.

24. In what tone does Jaques say this?

29-30. Perhaps Jaques remembers his recent encounter with Orlando.

31-36. Apparently Rosalind laughingly calls these words after Jaques, who does not deign to answer them, as he withdraws.

50. Orlando's puzzled interrogations, in his colloquy with Rosalind, call up an irresistible reminder of Audrey with Touchstone. If we are to keep our respect for Orlando's five wits, we must suppose either that he is taking these interviews with the shepherd-boy in a mood of idle amusement, or that the glamour of the actual Rosalind, concealed in Ganymede, steals upon and bewilders his senses.

54. **you.** See Textual Notes.

64. **leer.** See Grammatical Notes.

69. Does he?

86-87. In what tone does Orlando say this?

91-104. What additions does Rosalind make here to Greek legend, and why?

107. "Everything about Rosalind breathes of 'youth and youth's sweet prime.' She is fresh as the morning, sweet as the dew-awakened blossoms, and light as the breeze that plays among them. . . . Her volubility is like the bird's song; it is the outpouring of a heart filled to overflowing with life, love, and joy, and all sweet and affectionate impulses. She has as much tenderness as mirth, and in her most petulant raillery there is a touch of softness." — MRS. JAMESON.

119-121. Who proposes the mock marriage in the novel, and at what stage of the acquaintance does it take place? Why has Shakespeare deviated in these particulars from Lodge?

123. Why does Celia hold back? Is her excuse proved untrue?

128. What has Rosalind in thought here?

134. "I could never speak these words without a trembling of the voice, and the involuntary rushing of happy tears to the eyes, which made it necessary for me to turn my head away from Orlando. But, for fear of discovery, this momentary emotion had to be overcome and turned off by carrying his thoughts into a different channel." — LADY MARTIN.

134-135. She has spoken the words without waiting for Celia, who, as priest, should have uttered them first.

135-136. Is there any double meaning here?

142-144. Compare Lodge: "I see well hote love is soone cold, and that the fancy of men is like to a loose feather that wandreth in the

ayre with the blast of every wynd. . . . Men in their fancy resemble the waspe, which scornes that flower from which she hath fetcht her waxe; playing lyke the inhabitants of the Iland Tenerifa, who when they have gathered the sweet spices, use the trees for fuell: so men when they have glutted themselves with the faire of women faces, holde them for necessary evils."

152. In what tone does Orlando ask this?

164-165. The occasion of finding fault with her husband.

167-177. Rosalind's love leaps up through her masquerading, but Orlando is none the wiser, and in a moment her tongue is off again on a strain of exaggerated despair, but with genuine disappointment still manifest.

179-181. Compare "1 Henry IV." III. i. 253-255.

189-190.

"And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it."

Troilus and Cressida, IV. v. 225-226.

191-194. Compare Lodge (p. 25).

195-196. Is Rosalind's answer relevant?

206. **shadow**, i.e., a shady place.

208. Any one who has ever done duty as chaperon will sympathize with Celia.

SCENE II.

TRIFLING as this scene is in the reading, it can be made extremely effective on the stage. The forest background, and the green-clad foresters, trolling their lusty chorus, appeal to a primitive gladness in the blood.

1. "On the occasion of the first representation of 'As You Like It' in the Memorial Theatre, April 30th, 1879, a fallow deer was carried on the stage by foresters, which had been that morning shot by H. S. Lucy, Esq., of Charlecote Park, out of the herd descended from that upon which Shakespeare is credited with having made a raid in his youth." — FLOWER (*Memorial Theatre Edition*).

3-6. Jaques' suggestion, like his later remark about the song, is tinged with his habitual irony.

10-11. Compare Lodge: "What newes, forrester? hast thou

wounded some Deere, and lost him in the fall? Care not, man, for so small a losse, thy fees was but the skinne, the shoulder, and the horns."

SCENE III.

THE first part of this scene continues the pastoral sub-plot. Compare Lodge (p. 42). In what important respects does the dramatist deviate from his original here, and why? The second half of the scene, while still emphasizing the love of Rosalind for Orlando, brings Oliver, at last, into the presence of Celia. The restoration of harmony between the brothers is effected. Compare Lodge (pp. 35-39). In Shakespeare's condensation here, what are we sorry to lose?

3-5. Celia has had good instruction in the art of teasing.

8-12. Is this in accordance with the novel?

13-14. Why does Rosalind dissemble here?

17. **phoenix.** "That there is but one Phoenix in the World, which after many hundred years burneth it self, and from the ashes thereof ariseth up another, is a conceit not new or altogether popular, but of great Antiquity." — BROWN'S *Vulgar Errors*.

'**Od's my will!** "Are not all these oaths, in which Rosalind indulges with marked freedom, her attempts to assume a swashing and a martial outside? Before she donned doublet and hose she uttered none. 'Faith' was then her strongest affirmation." — FURNESS.

22. "The metre of this line is imperfect, and the sense of the whole; for why should Rosalind dwell so much upon Phebe's hands unless Silvius had said something about them? I have no doubt but the line originally ran thus: —

'Phoebe did write it *with her own fair hand.*'

And then Rosalind's reply will naturally follow." — MASON. Is it true that the metre is imperfect?

22-29. Why does Rosalind abuse Phebe to Silvius?

35-36. Meaning what?

49. What, in fact, did poor Phebe mean?

64. What is the tone of Silvius?

65-67. Note the contrast in the cousins.

68. How has Phebe played false strains on Silvius?

78-82. Why does the quiet Celia take it upon herself to answer?

87. See Textual Notes.

90. What trait of Celia is here manifest?

94. What is Rosalind's tone?

100. Compare Lodge: "pacing downe by the grove."

101. Compare Lodge: "a bitter pleasure wrapt in a sweet prejudice."

117-118. Compare Lodge: "Lyons hate to pray on dead carkasses."

119-120. Apparently Oliver's voice breaks here with stress of feeling. The law of dramatic proportion, which led Shakespeare to make so little — perhaps too little — of the romance between Celia and Oliver, apparently influenced the dramatist at this point to condense this stirring adventure into a vivid, brief recital. Moreover, there may not have been any "suck'd and hungry lioness" or "green and gilded snake" among the stage properties.

121-123. These words suggest much fuller intercourse among the three young exiles than has been actually represented.

125-126. Rosalind, naturally, is all impatience to hear of her lover's prowess and peril.

128-129. Note how much of Lodge's narrative is condensed into these two great lines.

131. What is Celia's thought, and what is Rosalind's?

135-137. Is Oliver, perhaps, taking conversion too easily?

138. Oliver's soul matters less to Rosalind than those drops of Orlando's blood which, she suspects already, dye the handkerchief.

159. Celia almost lets the secret slip, but recovers herself.

171. How is this spoken?

174-175. Even in her exhaustion, Rosalind cannot resist playing with the truth.

176-177. Celia's new interest in Oliver by no means banishes her habitual solicitude for Rosalind.

179. Does Oliver penetrate the disguise?

ACT V. — SCENE I.

THE culminating act must clear the way for the four bridals, and accomplish them with due scenic effect, and must, moreover, right the wrongs of the exiled Duke. The reconciliation in case of the

lesser pair of brothers, Oliver and Orlando, took place in the fourth act as prelude to the greater harmony yet to be wrought. The obstacles in the way of the weddings are no longer serious. Touchstone's hindrances, with Sir Oliver Martext and the rival suitor, are not beyond the reaches of his wit; Celia's love is a cloak covering the multitude of Oliver's sins; and the bridal fortunes of Silvius and Phebe, Orlando and herself, are held firm in Rosalind's own hands. Shakespeare, unlike Jaques, has apparently no great taste for "convertites," and we are not suffered to see Duke Frederick with the black rubbed off. The wedding dance closes the sweet holiday life of Arden, whose last distinct figure is Rosalind, making "curtsy" of farewell.

This brief opening scene takes up again the comedy thread. Touchstone and Audrey have been missed from the fourth act, but are called in here to furnish a little sheer fun between two of the romantic scenes that draw of necessity nearer and nearer to the serious realities of love.

4. How old is Jaques?

13-14. What is the demeanor of the rustics to each other?

16-28. What is Touchstone's bearing toward his rival?

29. Compare William's opinion of his wit with what Touchstone has just said (10-12) regarding his own.

31-32. Spoken with a glance at his motley.

32-35. Compare Lodge: "Phœbe is no lettice for your lips, and her grapes hang so high, that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot."

40-44. Meaning what?

47-57. What is Touchstone's change of tone?

58. In what spirit does Audrey say this?

59. How spoken?

SCENE II.

INTO this scene Shakespeare packs much of the novel, although he ignores much more. Lodge (pp. 38-41) gives Saladyne a chance to play the hero, and so in part redeem his damaged reputation; dwells upon the growth of Aliena's love, and Rosalind's mirth thereat; and has Saladyne duly propose to the lady, who, it must be confessed,

rather invites the declaration. Lodge depicts an absurd situation by Phœbe's bedside (pp. 42-43), and furnishes Shakespeare (pp. 43-44) with suggestions that were very directly worked into the present dialogue. The dramatist, holding to a stricter symmetry, could not be cumbered with all the material of the novel. In his selection, he had a single eye to Rosalind as the centre of interest. Shakespeare takes advantage of Celia's disposition. He knows she will be content with the crumbs.

1-3. Which of the four, and which alone, seems impossible?

6. **the poverty of her.** Oliver supposes Aliena the simple shepherdess she appears. It is a pity he should not be at least more intelligent than his brother.

7-8. "Romance is all very well in the Forest of Arden, but Oliver is made too bad in the first scenes ever to be worthy of Celia, or capable of inspiring a kindly interest in his reformation. Celia . . . should at least have put his repentance on a twelvemonths' trial. But in the Fifth Act ladies have no time for discretion." —
HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

8-9. Why should Oliver ask his younger brother's consent?

10-12. Is there any irregularity in this magnanimous grant?

17. **brother**, i. e., brother-in-law elect.

18. **sister**, i. e., make-believe sister-in-law elect.

20. Does Rosalind say "heart" on purpose or by accident?

26-27. What is Rosalind's underlying thought?

28. To what does Orlando allude?

29. To what does Rosalind take it that he alludes?

31. **thrasonical**, i. e., vain-glorious.

32-39. Shakespeare, in a way, puts the criticism of his hasty treatment of this episode into Rosalind's mouth.

41-43. Another of Orlando's few memorable sayings. This strikes deep.

49-50. Orlando's genuine dejection appeals irresistibly to Rosalind's tenderness.

56-57. Why does she still veil her secret?

57-65. Compare Lodge (p. 44).

67-68. The history of witchcraft forms a dark comment on these words.

105-106. Compare Lodge (p. 42).

107-123. All this grouping and echoing are effective and picturesque enough, but with a lively dash of grotesquery, emphasized in Rosalind's undignified comparison, that removes the situation in pleasant and wholesome sort from the continuous sentimentality of Lodge's pastoral strain.

SCENE III.

ANOTHER musical interlude, but, as hitherto, with a mocker in the foreground.

1-5. The second scene has assured us that the three more romantic bridals are well under way, but Touchstone will not have us forget the course of his lowly fortunes.

10-12. A satire of lasting point.

33-34. **there was no great matter in the ditty.** A very just criticism. The Elizabethan lyric, like a bird-carol, springs from and imparts a feeling rather than a thought.

34-35. Was this the expected conclusion?

38-40. Which is more gracious as a musical critic, Touchstone or Jaques?

SCENE IV.

THIS culminating scene, although it provides the due dramatic *dénouement*, is in some respects a disappointment. (See Introduction, pp. 48-49.) For once we are inclined to cry to Touchstone, in echo of Rosalind: "Peace, you dull fool!" Compare Lodge (pp. 44-48). What are Shakespeare's variations? How far are these changes for the better?

4. See Textual Notes.

26-29. Preparatory to the revelation now close at hand.

32. **desperate.** Meaning what?

34. Observe the appeal to the imagination in this finely poetic verse.

44. **purgation.** Touchstone, wishing to rise to the occasion, is using words too large for him.

54-61. How many sirs?

64. "A fool's bolt is soon shot."

65. **dulcet diseases.** Words chosen for sound, not sense. Touch-

stone would consider the efforts of the commentators to interpret this airy phrase of his a better joke than Audrey.

69. What is the effect of this grand company upon poor Audrey?

86. The swords were measured to make sure they were of equal length.

90. There were various current treatises on fencing, chiefly Italian, and many books of etiquette. It hardly marks an advance in our own manners that we smuggle our guides to social behavior into corners of our bureau drawers instead of holding them in Elizabethan esteem, and squaring conduct by them openly.

96-101. A hint caught up by Sheridan and often used effectively, notably in "The Rivals."

102-103. Why does Jaques so delight in Touchstone?

104-105. "The Stalking Horse, originally, was a horse trained for the purpose and covered with trappings, so as to conceal the sportsman from the game he intended to shoot at. It was particularly useful to the archer, by affording him an opportunity of approaching the birds unseen by them, so near that his arrows might easily reach them; but as this method was frequently inconvenient, and often impracticable, the fowler had recourse to art, and caused a canvas figure to be stuffed, and painted like a horse grazing, but sufficiently light, that it might be moved at pleasure with one hand." — STRUTT'S *Sports and Pastimes*.

Enter Hymen. "On the other hand, entered **Hymen**, the god of marriage, in a saffron coloured robe, his under vestures white, his socks yellow, a yellow veile of silke on his left arm, his head crowned with roses and marjoram, in his right hand a torch of pine-tree." — BEN JONSON'S *Hymenaei*.

117. **sight.** See Textual Notes.

122. And with these words, Rosalind falls silent. Through the remainder of the scene she is seen and felt, but heard no longer.

123-144. Hardly a Christian ceremony, — and with a vicar in the next village, too, and a monastery on the forest skirts.

145-146. Adam is forgotten, but not Celia. She has found a father at last.

147-148. A very reasonable shepherdess.

153. Touchstone bows.

164-169. The Duke's philosophic calm remains unshaken.

171. **shrewd.** Meaning what?

174-177. "The picture is not painted in the same high key of colour as 'Much Ado.' Instead of the hot sun of Beatrice's and Benedict's sharp wit-combats, with its golden reds and yellows, backed by the dark clouds of Hero's terrible distress, we have a picture of greys and greens and blues lit through a soft haze of silvery light. Rosalind's rippling laugh comes to us from the far-off forest glades, and the wedded couples' sweet content reaches us as a strain of distant melody." — FURNIVALL.

178-183. Hudson says of Jaques: "We cannot justly affirm, indeed, that 'the soft blue sky did never melt into his heart,' as Wordsworth says of his Peter Bell; but he shows more of resistance than all the other persons to the poetries and eloquences of the place. Tears are a great luxury to him; he sips the cup of woe with all the gust of an epicure. Still, his temper is by no means sour; fond of solitude, he is, nevertheless, far from being unsocial. The society of good men, provided they be in adversity, has great charms for him."

184-191. The instincts of the gentleman show in Jaques at parting. His congratulatory compliments are admirably put, although his ignoring of the brides is conspicuous. Touchstone expects, deserves, and desires nothing better than a jest.

192. Poor Duke! He has gained his kingdom, but lost his cynic. Frederick has Arden and Jaques for compensation.

193-194. Not discourteous, even in refusal.

195-196. Picture the scene.

Epilogue. An immediate fall in tone. This is hardly the Rosalind of the play.

1-2. And did not become the fashion until Restoration times.

3-4. Compare: —

"Green ivy-bushes at the vintners' doors."

NASH'S *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600.

16. In Shakespeare's day the rôles of women were always taken by boys.

21. **farewell.** "Shakspeare, when he wrote this idyllic play, was himself in his Forest of Arden. He had ended one great ambi-

tion, — the historical plays, — and not yet commenced his tragedies. It was a resting-place. He sends his imagination into the woods to find repose. Instead of the court and camps of England and the embattled plains of France, here was this woodland scene where the palm tree, the lioness, and the serpent are to be found; possessed of a flora and fauna that flourish in spite of physical geographers. There is an open-air feeling throughout the play. . . . After the trumpet tones of 'Henry V.' comes the sweet pastoral strain, so bright, so tender. Must it not be all in keeping? Shakspeare was not trying to control his melancholy. When he needed to do that, Shakspeare confronted his melancholy very passionately, and looked it full in the face. Here he needed refreshment, a sunlight tempered by forest-boughs, a breeze upon his forehead, a stream murmuring in his ears." — DOWDEN.

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